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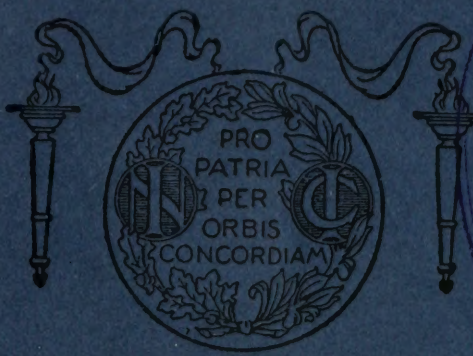

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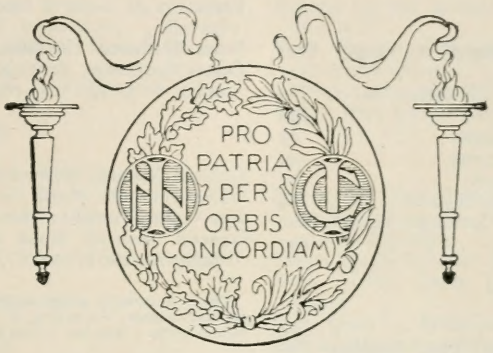

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[1]Thus incorrectly given on page 3, under the title, owing to an inadvertence: the author of this article was, in reality, Ramiro Guerra y Sánchez.—The Editor.

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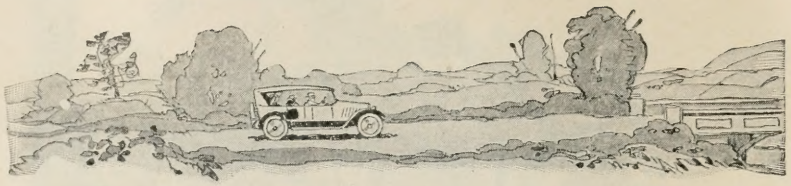

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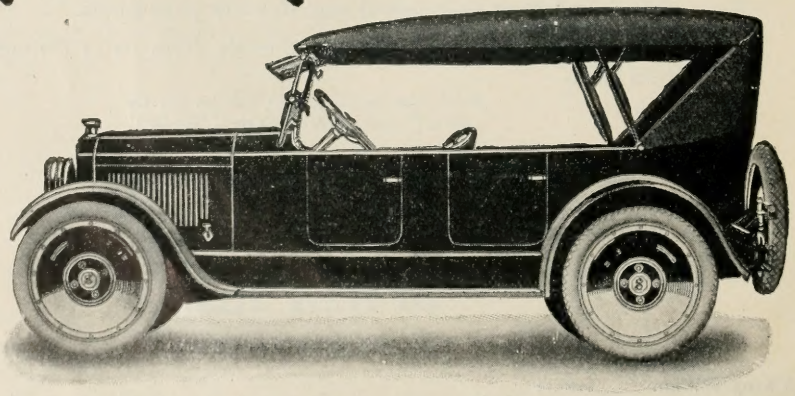

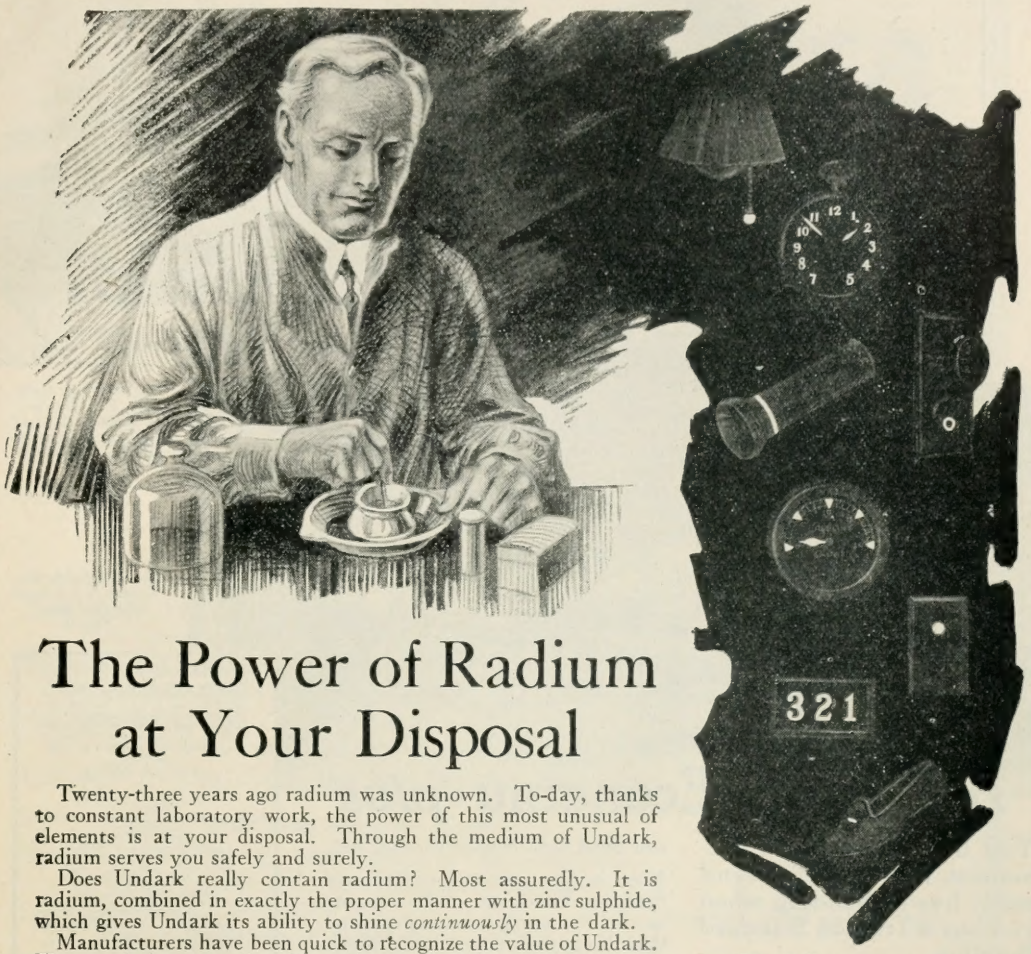

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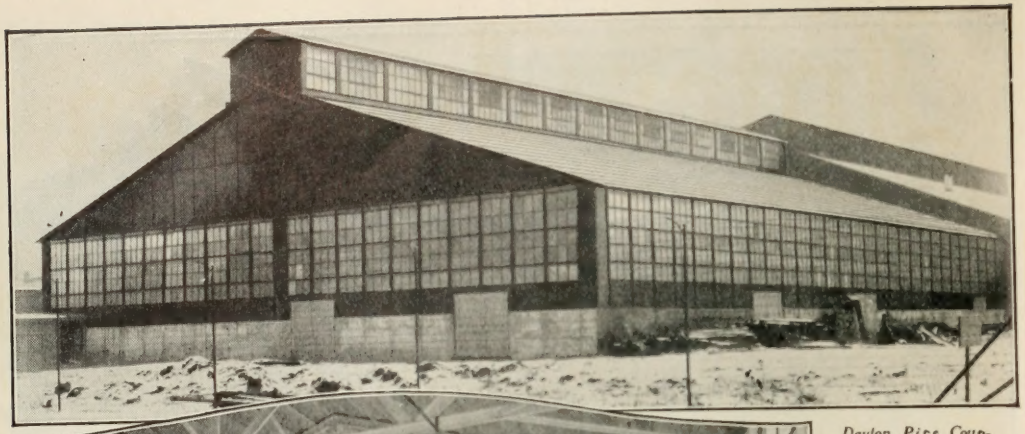

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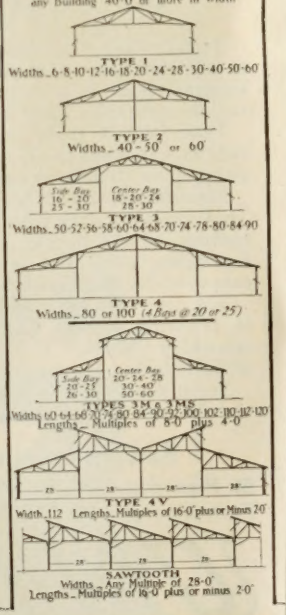

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

VICENTE A. SALAVERRI is a Uruguayan man of letters and critic, who is considered one of the leaders of the younger generation of Uruguayan writers by reason of his "persistent, noble and fruitful effort;" he is the author of the "Uruguayan novel," *Éste era un país*, Buenos Aires, 1921; others of his works are *El corazón de María* and *Los niños bien*, both novels.

ADOLF ERNST was born in Germany; he took up his residence in Venezuela about 1870 and he attained eminence there as a scientist; he soon became professor of natural sciences in the Universidad Central de Venezuela, in Caracas, and director of the Biblioteca y Museo Nacionales (formeraly one institution, now the Biblioteca Nacional and the Museo Nacional); he wrote a number of works and published many articles on the antiquities, fauna, flora and geology of Venezuela.

GABRIELA MISTRAL (the pseudonym of LUCILA GODOY ALCAYAZA) was born in Vicuña, Chile, April 7, 1889; her limited academic instruction was received in the towns of her native province and at the Escuela Nacional Normal in Santiago; from 1905 to 1918 she taught in the Liceo de Niñas of Los Andes; in 1918 she was appointed principal of a Liceo de Niñas in Punta Arenas; later, owing to public interest in her literary work, the government was induced to appoint her to a principalship in Santiago; her first poems, *Sonetos de la muerte*, published in 1915, established her reputation as a poet; among her works may be mentioned, in addition to the sonnets alluded to: *Hablando al padre; El árbol dice; Tarde; Los versos de noviembre; La maestra rural; Interrogaciones; El ruego; Himno al árbol; Amo amor; Yo no sé cuáles manos; Coplas; Al Señor; ¿Sientes allá abajo?*

MANUEL GÂLVEZ was born in Paranâ, Argentina, in 1882; he was educated at the Colegio de la Concepción Inmaculada, Santa Fe, at the Colegio Nacional, Buenos Aires, and at the Universidad de Buenos Aires, where he was graduated with the degree of doctor of laws in 1905; he is a man of letters and journalist; he has written many novels, sketches and short stories, and much verse. For an article regarding him see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1921, page 168: "Manuel Gâlvez and the National Novel in Argentina," by Manoel Gahisto. For an article by his celebrated wife, Delfina Bunge de Gâlvez, see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1921, page 207: "Regarding Realism."

ABRAHAM RAMÍREZ PEÑA is a Salvadorian man of letters, a publicist and the author of a number of important scientific and literary works; he is the *oficial mayor* (chief clerk) of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores; he has founded a number of scientific and literary bodies, and he is a member of several learned societies; he is looked upon as one of the leading thinkers of Central America.

JUAN MANUEL POLAR: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1921, Biographical Data.

LAUREANO VALLENILLA LANZ was born in Barcelona, Venezuela, about fifty years ago and he was educated in his native city; he began his professional career as a journalist, devoting himself especially to historical and sociological studies, in which he attained distinction; for several years he was the director of the Archivo Nacional in Caracas, during which period he published *Causas de infidencia;* his most recent work, *Cesarismo democrático*, purports to set forth "the true bases of the constitution of Venezuela;" he has written many newspaper and magazine articles; he is a member of the Academia Nacional de la Historia, and he has been president of the Venezuelan senate; he is the director of *El Nuevo Diario*, a newspaper of Caracas.

GLORIFICATION OF BOLÍVAR[1]

BY

BENITO JAVIER PÉREZ VERDÍA

An echo of the festivities that marked the unveiling of the statue of the great Liberator in Central Park, New York, April 19, 1921.—THE EDITOR.

ON THE nineteenth day of the current month [April], was unveiled in the city of New York a beautiful equestrian statue of Simón Bolívar, the most exalted hero of South American independence. Thus were recognized once more and in a solemn manner the great merits of that illustrious patriot, who, after fifteen years of continuous effort, liberated five republics and attempted to consolidate —in obedience to the chimerical but grandiose vision of his genius as a statesman— the Latin countries wrested by him from the clutches of tyranny, in a confederation in which, with the disappearance of the frontiers of the viceroyalty, the peoples had joined their energies to achieve a future for the Hispanic-American race.

The Chilian historian Vicuña Mackenna wrote:

> From Cumaná to Potosí nothing stayed him. He destroyed viceroyalties and blotted out all the lines of geographical demarcations: he remade the world. He took from America her name and gave to the part that he had made his own the name of Columbus (Colombia), and, later, he set his own name by decree upon his last conquest, Bolivia. His horse drank of the waters of the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Plata, the three great boundaries that creation gave to the New World. He, however, suppressed them in the name of glory, this second creation of Omnipotence. . . . He descended from the mountains of Aragua and inundated with bayonets all the valleys of America that acclaimed his victories.

Carabobo, Boyacá, Junín, Pichincha and Ayacucho are the five diamonds that beam with splendor in the imperishable crown of glory that girdles the brow of the Liberator. Each of these names marked a stage in the cruel war of independence in South America; each of them meant the freedom of a nation, the victorious passage of the hosts of Bolívar in his epic campaigns, which achieved the freedom of Venezuela at Carabobo; the sovereignty of Colombia at Boyacá; the birth of Bolivia and the emancipation of Ecuador at Junín and Pichincha; and, finally, at Ayacucho, the definitive annihilation of Spanish power in Perú and the conclusion of the bitter strife that Bolívar had carried on for four years without growing faint in adversity and without weakening for an instant in his purposes, until he realized his generous ideals and made all southern America, his majestic stage, a land of liberty, redeemed by the blood of the 600,000 insurgents that had fallen in the decade and a half of the epopee. "Fourteen of Spain's generals, when they tendered the hilts of their vanquished swords at Ayacucho," said the immortal Enrique Rodó, with the elegance that characterized him, "surrendered the titles to that fabulous property which Columbus, three centuries earlier, had placed in the hands of Isabel and Fernando."

Bolívar, however, was not merely the stalwart soldier that could, with a clear conscience, glory in his military deeds; he was not merely the revolutionary that overturns, without the aptitude for construction, the institution against which he

[1]The leading addresses delivered on the nineteenth and twentieth of April, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the Liberator, have been published in Spanish and in English as *Boletín 24* and *Bulletin 25* of the Interamerican Division of the American Association for International Conciliation, 407 West 117th Street, New York, under the titles: *El Libertador en Nueva York*, and *The Liberator Simón Bolívar in New York*. Sixteen thousand copies of each bulletin are now being distributed gratuitously throughout the world to institutions and persons whose names are on the Division's mailing list. A few hundred copies of each will be held in reserve for those that may not have received them in the regular distribution. They will be sent without charge to those that first request them.—THE EDITOR.

directs his attacks; he was not a politician, drunk with power, who, in the presence of the delirium of his soldiers and the overwhelming enthusiasm of his partizans, might have set a crown upon his forehead caressed by the breeze of victory; but Bolívar, with the consciousness of his greatness, wrote to Páez these austere and magnificent words: "The title of Liberator is the greatest that human pride has ever received. It is impossible for me to make it greater." So, by means of this unselfish conduct, he justified the predictions of Benjamin Constant:

If Bolívar dies without having crowned himself, he will be, in coming ages, a singular figure. He was without precedent in former ages. Washington never held in his hands, in the British colonies of the north, the power that Bolívar had acquired among the peoples and wildernesses of South America.

With good reason, Rufino Blanco Fombona wrote, in his prologue to the *Discursos y proclamas de Bolívar*, these phrases, which are none the less rigidly true, even if they are encomiastic and inspired by admiration of the unconquered patriot:

Bolívar has accomplished, almost without equipment and in spite of nature and man, one of the grandest enterprises that ever fell to the lot of a hero. He emancipated four times as many millions of colonists as Washington. A single one of his creations—Colombia—which contains 112,000 square leagues of territory, is greater than all the conquests of Napoleon. History is acquainted with no soldier whose war-horse traveled farther and whose military stage was so vast. Neither did the European captains—Gonzalo de Córdoba, Charles XII, Frederick the Great—nor the fabulous warriors of Asia—Gengis Khan, Tamerlane—traverse victoriously so many lands as he. Rightly and with pride as an American could José Martí write: "Bolívar made his way through more lands with the flags of liberty than any conqueror with those of tyranny."

Therefore, because of the splendor of the hero's figure; because of the deeds he achieved, and which constitute his magnificent work: because of the ideals of Latin confraternity that germinated in Bolívar's noble heart; because he gave existence to five South American nations, upholding everywhere the sacred torch of rebellion, until, from the Bravo to the Tierra del Fuego were burning—and no criminal hands could quench them—the altar-fires of liberty; because Simón Bolívar was, above all else, the most representative citizen of Latin America, the invincible leader of our sister peoples' liberty, which still finds obstacles and difficulties along the path that is to bring them to the summit of their destiny; because of all this we glory in having the statue of the hero—"whose existence," as was said by an inspired contemporary writer, "appeared like a tempest of grape-shot, blowing from the summits of the Andes, and a triumphal excursion of seven years through the capitals of South America"—stand on one of the most conspicuous spots of New York, in the land of Washington and Lincoln, in order that this equestrian statue of the great insurgent genius may ever recall to the people of the United States the greatness of the idea of freedom of our unfortunate Latin-American countries: an idea of which the Venezuelan leader made himself the doughtiest paladin.

THE NOBLE MISSION OF THE LAWYER

BY

ALEJANDRO REYES

What the lawyer may be at his best; how great are his opportunities as a social force; the difficulties that beset his profession, its privileges and immunities: all this the author presents here with tranquil optimism.—THE EDITOR.

THE task of the lawyer is the same as that of justice—*to see to it that to every one shall be given what is his own*—so that he that is unjustly threatened in his property, his liberty, his life or his honor finds in justice and in us protection and security. In organized society, there is no weak or defenseless being persecuted by any powerful passion; there is no unrecognized right, no downtrodden liberty, that does not seek the aid of the lawyer that has put himself to trouble for interests that do not concern him.

The foundations of our profession are probity, work and disinterestedness.

I do not lay stress here on that common honesty which, in restoring with fidelity a deposit held in trust, returns with exactitude, weight for weight and measure for measure. As for us, it is a question of delicacy of sentiments, a *luxury of probity*, which, always fearing it may not attain to the full measure of duty, always goes beyond it. Others will qualify this delicacy as excessive and complain of its demands. In my opinion, it is as natural and necessary in our profession as speech itself.

As to work, the lawyer that shrinks from it ought not to take a single step forward in his career; for what awaits him in it is the *labor improbus* of which Vergil speaks, as it is an indispensable requisite of his professional probity. When he undertakes a case, a lawyer devotes himself wholly to his client, as far as justice and truth permit. Consequently, the most conscientious study and the most constant labor are for him not only a perpetually exigible debt, but also one that is perpetually exacted. So far does this go that when a lawyer does not give to the affair that has been intrusted to him all the zeal of which he is capable, he is guilty of negligence, and he may be accused of a lack of probity. Even in the time of Justinian the following words were included in the oath administered to lawyers: *Nihil studii reliquentes, quod sibi possibile est.*[2]

Disinterestedness inspires in him the sentiments of delicacy that our profession engenders and the dignity with which it clothes us. Although our present legislation does not prohibit what are called among lawyers honoraria *quota litis*, the ancients were right in placing this prohibition in their codes, because it is a disgrace that beneath the advocate's mask a judge should find concealed a secret litigant, as interested in the result of the trial as the apparent litigant. Our duty consists in not exploiting the necessities of the client and in not rendering mercenary the noble profession that addresses itself, before everything, to causing justice to triumph. Only thus shall we obtain for our profession the aureola of honor with which the ancients surrounded it and which has won for it everywhere the respect of society.

In consequence of this disinterestedness the lawyer ought to aid gratuitously, with his counsels, his word and his abnegation, the poor man whose cause is just; and he ought to take pleasure in obeying this sentiment of human fellowship, which is the liveliest expression of Christianity. I do not refer here to the cases in which the court appoints counsel and in which the law does not permit the accused to be charged anything, but to the voluntary

[1]Taken from *El código civil ante la Universidad de Chile:* prologue by a Colombian jurisconsult.

[2]*Codex:* liber III, titulus I, caput XIV.

defense that one is under no obligation to accept, but in which, when the client is poor, lawyers worthy of the name consider themselves happy to be able to serve.

The means that our profession employs are conviction and persuasion, that is, the operation of the spirit and of the heart upon the intelligence and the sensibility! A potent influence, but an entirely intellectual and moral one, which is not always attained by every one! Elevation of the spirit, warmth of the soul, stirring words, are not always sufficient to secure it. It is necessary, besides, to unite with these gifts of nature vast, solid and varied learning that shall include all the knowledge necessary to speaking or writing, above all, that which may be material for a judicial dispute.

The burden that rests on us is compensated for by the honor and advantages that spring from our profession. The honor has as its cause the universality and importance of the services it enables us to render: daily services that are beneficial to all, because as we are the natural protectors of the lowly, so are we also the counselors of the great. Indeed, the rich and the strong have recourse, like the poor, to our word; and, as has been said by d'Aguesseau:

> Those whose good fortune always draws after them a throng of worshipers come to lay aside in your house the brilliancy of their dignities, in order to be guided by your decisions and to hope for, as the result of your counsels, the peace and tranquillity of their families.[3]

The advantages that the profession brings us are honorableness of life, purity, stability of fortune and fellowship in our professional relations. United by the bonds of a common life, subject to the same authorities, obliged to study and incessantly to invoke the precepts of natural law and the prescriptions of positive law, we owe to our profession the happiness of living in an atmosphere of high intelligence and lofty morality.

D'Aguesseau praised our profession as being shielded from the blows of fortune, because it owes its victories to work and merit alone. He said:

> You aspire to benefits that are not subject to the yoke of fortune. Fortune is free to dispose of honors; she is blind in her selections that she may confound all ranks and give to wealth the dignity that is due only to virtue. However great her domain, fear not that it will extend to your profession.
>
> Merit is its only adornment, the only blessing that is not bought, and the public, always free to cast its vote, gives glory and never sells it.
>
> You will not experience either its constancy or its ingratitude, and you will acquire as many protectors as you have witnesses to your eloquence. The most unknown persons will become the instruments of your greatness; and while love for duty is your only ambition, their prayers and their praise create that high reputation which is not bestowed by the most exalted positions.[4]

The morality and stability of a position thus won are readily appreciable in themselves; but they are still more precious in a period like ours, in which we have seen so many giants of fortune succumb in a moment: some to inspire compassion; and others, contempt, in proportion to the greatness of the height to which they were fictitiously raised. Happy are those who, by basing their fortune on their honest labors, find themselves compelled, through the obligations of their profession, to withdraw their gaze from business and speculations, which benefit only persons that are too clever, and who, setting the conclusions of good judgment at defiance, have no other rules than mere caprice.

In our guild is realized more than in any other the great idea that serves as the basis of our system of government: equality. In it, no other distinctions than different degrees of merit and virtue are recognized.

D'Aguesseau has pointed out this character in such terms that it seems he was inspired by the theories of the present century when he said:

> You are fortunate to belong to a profession in which to make your fortune and do your duty are one and the same thing; in which merit and glory are inseparable; in which a man, the only author of his elevation, has other men under dominance of his knowledge and forces them to

[3] *L'indépendance de l'avocat*, a discourse pronounced at the opening of the court, 1853.

[4] *Ibidem.*

render homage to the very superiority of his genius!

Distinctions that are based solely on the accident of birth and great men that cajole the common run of men and overawe even the wise turn out to be useless elements in a profession in which there is no other nobility than virtue, and in which men are esteemed, not for what their fathers have done, but for what they themselves have done.

Men leave, when they enter this celebrated corporation, the rank that *prejudices* gave them in the world, to occupy the one that *reason gives them in the order of nature and truth.*

The justice that opens them an entrance into the forum blots out the very memory of those differences, which are *hurtful to virtue,* and it distinguishes only by degree of merit those that it calls with equality to the functions of the same ministry.[5]

In no profession more than in ours is developed the sentiment of fellowship. This sentiment is not manifested merely by the mutual aid that certain corporations give to those that compose them, but it appears and it unites us in all the acts of our professional life. Among us fellowship springs from the organization and the very necessities of our profession. We have been trained by the same studies; we have been formed in the same classroom; the same spirit animates us; and, gathered in the same temple, we sacrifice ourselves on the same altar, even when we seem to be divided by the contradictoriness of the pleas we address to the court. We can not appear in civil cases and, sometimes, not in criminal cases, without the participation of a colleague, who combats us to-day, but who to-morrow will be our ally and collaborator, because consultation, defense and compromises unite us often in the same undertaking. When we fight in opposing camps, it still behooves us and our clients to remain fraternally united; for one of our duties is to try to effect conciliation before joining battle. Our personal victories, obtained exclusively by work and merit—and when they are not the result of intrigue, favor or accident—can not awaken envy and they never arouse anything but generous emulation.

We ought to congratulate ourselves that it is so, because in a profession that one can almost never exercise alone; in which it is necessary to have, as a rule, a colleague or a competitor; in which this colleague changes every day; in which this colleague, summoned to the strife, animated by duty and conviction, speaks boldly against the one he considers his adversary; in which the mind is stimulated by contradiction; in which the briskness of the attack brings, as a consequence, greater liveliness in the retort: what should we do if fellowship did not descend from heaven to moderate these struggles; if for weapons of steel were not substituted the weapons of courtesy; if by tempering our zeal and moderating our ardor, quarrels between clients were not prevented from degenerating into quarrels between lawyers? Fellowship alone restrains us, and it alone enables us, as we leave the court, to press hands that are always friendly, although always rival through defense of others' rights.

The lawyer's life has also its enchantments, which compensate for the labors that constantly wear upon it. I count among them the pleasure of working. By hard work we climb from our childhood the ladder that leads us to the tribunal: it is work that has formed, day by day, the treasures of our memory; it is work that has fortified, elevated and enlarged our intelligence; work is, in short, the greatest consolation that can be found on earth. Our occupations are by their nature variety itself, because they have as their objects acts that are always different; acts regarding the interpretation of which the judges themselves are seldom in accord; laws interpreted in a different manner by the very ones that have drafted them, and which, on the other hand, are constantly altered and increased. Obliged perpetually to study morality and legislation, in order to seek their application to human affairs, and being the mute depositories of the most intimate family secrets, we always have before our gaze the spectacle of men at strife through self-interest.

The moral satisfaction that results from this constant and varied cultivation of the spirit is not, surely, the exclusive patri-

[5] *Ibidem.*

mony of our profession. It belongs to other professions, just as it does to ours; but there are delights that are peculiar to it: above all, the pleasure of conciliation. What is there, indeed, sweeter than attempting and effecting a compromise in some case that is grave, obscure and difficult, and the loss of which may ruin an honorable man? What is more pleasant than to nip in the bud a scandal that threatens a whole family and to save it from dishonor? What is more satisfactory than to reëstablish concord between friends and relatives, husbands and wives? When we secure this result, we raise ourselves in dignity, while discharging the divine mission of peace on earth. It is worth more than victory itself, because in this way hatred is extinguished, at the same time that the process is terminated.

Nevertheless, this undertaking is beset with difficulties. A compromise exacts; from the very fact that it is a compromise, the sacrifice of an apparent right, which makes demands on our self-love. Perhaps the client will distrust our knowledge and our zeal; perhaps also he will suspect that we are in connivance with his adversary and will cease to employ us. He will yield, although seldom willingly, and he will leave our office with an act of courtesy, as if to indicate that there has been no trial, no work, no service. We ought to consider ourselves very fortunate if he does not at times cherish resentment over the counsels which, in spite of himself, he has followed, and if, when a new case arises, he does not seek another defender, one that will consult his interests with greater energy. Nothing of this, however, ought to discourage us, for, if we have complied with our duty as honorable men, we ought not to be moved by any other feeling than the desire that another opportunity may present itself for proceeding in the same manner.

The pleasure of arguing is one of the liveliest of all those in store for us. This creation of the mind and of the word brings to the lawyer the triple pleasure that is experienced by the learned man, the improvisor and the actor, besides the reality and the struggle, without mentioning the satisfaction that comes from a work completed, a duty fulfilled and a service rendered. In speaking of the pleasure of arguing, I do not consider merely the showy argument, pronounced in criminal cases in which attorneys, having in sight the gallows or infamy for their clients, rise at times to the heights of the eloquence of antiquity. I speak also of arguments in civil cases, in which are ventilated subjects whose solution must influence the fortunes of families. Is there not, indeed, a great pleasure in defending a just cause, developing its details, setting each argument in its place, rendering public homage to persecuted right, upholding the downtrodden, attacking oppression, unmasking the hypocrite, seeking and finding the way that leads to the heart of the judge, reading in his eyes the progress of the case, seeing minute by minute how, little by little, conviction is forming in his mind, and then leaving the court to receive the applause of those that have heard us and the expressions of the client's gratitude.

What, however, shall I say of the pleasure of winning one's case? The lawyer has not spoken for fame; consequently the satisfaction of having merited the approval of his hearers is not sufficient. What he desires, what he awaits with anxiety, is the favorable decision, and as soon as he has obtained it, work, fatigue, worry, disquietude, torments, all disappear: his desires are satisfied; he forgets the service he has rendered; often the defender is forgotten by the client.

I have spoken to you of the joys of our profession, and I desire now to remind you that what governs it, dominates it and characterizes it is *duty*. The duties that it imposes on us are numerous and difficult. All emanate from the supreme law of our institution, which consists in a deep and sincere love for justice and the truth. From this springs the obligation under which we are, never to accept a case save after having examined it with the most scrupulous care, and of not defending it except when it shall seem just to us. This rule is without exception in civil cases, and if it is subject to exceptions in criminal causes, it is becase humanity prescribes them, charity demands them and the laws

institute them. Thence also springs the duty of defending a case that we have accepted with an immovable constancy and against every adversary, even if he be the most powerful man of the earth, and whatever may be the consequences of our unselfishness. If, however, we recognize later the injustice of the case, we are not to hesitate for a moment in withdrawing from it, although the defense shall already have been made, wholly or in part. The lawyer that consciously defends iniquity makes himself guilty of iniquity; the lawyer that knowingly gives his support to a bad action, commits that same bad action; and he is viler and more worthy of condemnation than the criminal of whom he is the accomplice, because he is better educated than the criminal and because he has not in his favor the excuse of passion. It is not enough, however, that the cause shall appear just, but we ought to defend it in a worthy and honorable manner. We are therefore prohibited from the use of deceptive means, all trickery, all subterfuge; and although we thus do no more than follow duty, we must not forget that he that has once deceived his colleagues and the judges renders himself always suspicious in the eyes of all the world.

Neither the constancy nor the ardor nor even the tenacity that we ought to employ in causing justice and truth to triumph are sufficient to render less important the prudence of our counsels, the circumspection of our actions or the moderation of our speech. Set apart expressly to prevent the passions and anger of litigants from interfering with devotion to justice, we should fail in our mission if we did not carefully avoid all insinuations, all satire, all abuse, every insult. Even if it were not for the sake of duty, justice, natural moderation and good taste, we ought to do so for our own sakes, because an insult more frequently affects its author than him against whom it is aimed, and because he that stirs the mud is almost always the first one to be besmirched. This does not militate against independence of character; and as to liberty of speech, one acquires it through the respect he shows for the laws and for truth; and he will not preserve it save through the respect that he entertains for himself.

If we seek now the result that is promised us by long and the honorable exercise of our profession, we shall see in the front rank justice satisfied, great services rendered and good deeds performed. We find in the next place, personal consideration, which is always secured; the welfare of one's family frequently assured; fortunes sometimes attained; and dignified positions often filled. I may add, finally, that it is never forbidden us to dream occasionally of glory!

Such is our profession. Three words define it: probity, learning and talent, placed at the service of justice.

OUR HUMILIATING ISOLATION

BY

MARIO RIBAS

An illustration of what the author conceives to be the condition of the telegraphic and postal services in Honduras, with some startling statistics as to delays in communication between Tegucigalpa and the rest of the world, and a plea for investigation and the institution of a better system.—THE EDITOR.

IN THIS same place we have occupied ourselves on different occasions with the principal problems that affect the welfare of the people and their future as a great, prosperous and happy nation. We have spoken at great length of the necessity of fostering agriculture, of attracting immigration and of improving communications.

To-day we desire to refer, in a concrete manner, to the humiliating isolation in which we live in this beautiful land of pines and mountains.

We are fifty hours from the capital of Costa Rica, and, nevertheless, our contact with that charming country is as remote as if it were on the European continent. The little telegraphic news that is sent us from there reaches us five to eight days after having been despatched; Costa Rican newspapers are received here from twenty to thirty days after being issued; letters come with the same delay.

From Tegucigalpa to Managua the journey can easily be made in seventeen hours, but the Nicaraguan newspapers reach us after a delay of from ten to twelve days, and telegrams, of from three to five days; letters generally take from ten to twenty days to come.

From San Cristóbal we are separated by a distance that can be traveled in twenty hours, but letters and newspapers come from there in from five to ten days, and telegrams seldom reach us in less than two days.

From Guatemala we are separated by a distance of from three to four days, according to the route, but telegrams require the same three or four days to reach us, and letters and newspapers are delayed from ten to twenty days in their journey to Tegucigalpa.

All this is in respect of our sisters, with whom, within a short time, God and the governments willing, we shall be united by ties of federation.

As to foreign countries, it is sufficient to say that a cable message takes from three to eight days to reach us, after having passed through Salvador. A letter from Europe to Tegucigalpa requires from ten to forty-five days, and from the United States, from fifteen to twenty-eight days. Postal parcels from Europe take from three to five months and—to give a concrete case—we shall say that a parcel embarked at London on December 12, 1920, reached Tegucigalpa on April 16, 1921; and much the same happens in the case of newspapers and other publications.

A letter mailed at Tegucigalpa on July 26, 1920 (it was registered for greater safety), reached its destination in Buenos Aires on March 2, 1921.

Yet we speak of getting together!

Likewise we speak of the union of the race!

We speak, too, of our brothers of México, Argentina, Spain, Colombia. We speak of all this, and in the meanwhile, we spend weeks and, at times, months in making our voices heard by our brothers!

The president of the Consejo de Ministros of Spain dies by assassination; he is at the same time one of the first European statesmen; and we have to copy the news from foreign journals twenty days after the event!

One day we published the news of the illness of a great personage, and we published it as an item of the *last hour*, but when the news appeared in our press, the personage had already been buried and his inheritance half spent by his heirs. We have even known of a case in which we received the news of the death of some potentate, and two or three days afterward, other cables (doubtless detained *en route*),

announcing that the potentate mentioned was ill! They do not even transmit cable messages to us in chronological order!

Let it be understood that we do not complain of any one, nor do we make charges against any one, nor do we accuse any one of neglect; we are simply combating a system, or rather, a lack of system. It is not the fault of any office in particular, whether here or elsewhere. The whole system, lame as it is, neither moves nor works.

If anything—a letter, a telegram, a parcel or a newspaper—reaches us late, and we complain to the proper office, we are told that it was delivered immediately after it was received; and we do not doubt that it may be so; if we complain to the place from which it set out, we receive the reply that it was sent forward immediately: and we also believe that this is so The functionaries intrusted with these very important public services—be it said at once—give all diligence to improving them; unfortunately they are confronted at every moment by great difficulties, entirely beyond their control: it is the system.

A person in New York sends a letter to a friend in Honduras; at the same time he sends him a newspaper also. The letter will come in fifteen or twenty-five days, via New Orleans and Puerto Cortés, while the newspaper, because it is second-class matter, will come by Panamá, and will reach its destination two months late: it is the system.

Press cable messages, which are sent to Honduras via Salvador, are selected by foreign news agencies that send what they please, without concerning themselves with sending us news that is of interest to us. We have seen news from Tegucigalpa or from Salvador, sent from here to the foreign press, and then cabled back to Tegucigalpa as important press cables, which, be it said in passing, cost us good money. It is common enough to read cables that are truly absurd, without any interest for us, and which we, nevertheless, have to pay for as news of importance: it is the system.

The Central American press itself, instead of coming to a mutual agreement as to gathering telegraphic news, leaves it to each newspaper to send what it chooses, and the following is the result: a person dies in Guatemala, and daily *X* telegraphs to its colleagues of Central America that señor H—— has died. Daily *Y* telegraphs that señor H—— has died; and daily *Z* telegraphs that señor H—— has ceased to exist: three deaths in one. And this is not all: the newspapers of Costa Rica, Nicaragua or Salvador, which have received the same news, retelegraph it to us the day afterward; and, as the telegrams come in from the other sister capitals, they continue to be published here, so that "señor H——" keeps on dying for several days, and we, serving the same news to the public for a week, because, since the telegrams arrive, of course they must be published, if only to justify the cost they entail to the national telegraph. This also is the system, the system of *not* being interesting, for there is no fun in reading in the same journal the same news in four or five different telegrams, although they may be signed by as many different newspapers.

Well then: would it not be wise for some one to take it on himself to remedy these evils that so much affect our reputation? Would it not be well for some one to study carefully the way to improve our communications with the rest of the world by changing the blessed system, guilty of the evil we mention?

Let it be understood that it is not only our moral prestige that suffers; harm is done—and not a little—to our commerce, which is what is most affected by our halting postal and telegraphic communications. We all suffer directly or indirectly.

This is a problem that is easy to solve, since, instead of increasing our expenses, it will diminish them; for we ought not to forget that the humiliating isolation in which we live costs us much more dearly than a real service of communication with the outside world would cost us. By cutting away what is superfluous in our well known system, there would remain enough to establish a *service*, true and effective and worthy of that greatness which we proclaim at every moment.

We have pointed out the evil, and if those that are charged with remedying it will harken to us, something will be gained for the country and for the world.

FLORENCIO SÁNCHEZ

THE MAN AND THE DRAMATIST[1]

BY

VICENTE A. SALAVERRI

A study of the personality of one of the leading South American dramatists and an analysis of his plays, based on the author's intimate personal knowledge of the former and a critical analysis of the latter.—THE EDITOR.

TO SPEAK of Florencio Sánchez before a cultured gathering, in this goodly city, in the midst of such pleasing natural surroundings, where the ill-fated genius passed the happiest years—perchance the happiest—of his life, is for me—and it is easy to comprehend why—a great satisfaction. I hold up to my imagination the boy—that boy, already a little imaginative, who was Florencio Sánchez—seated on the hard benches of the humble school, in which a patient schoolmaster, or perhaps an unselfish and very intelligent daughter of Treinta y Tres,[2] was teaching him—with a love more paternal than magisterial—his first letters, thus establishing enduring ties, which are the ones that unite, throughout an entire life, masters and pupils. The child, with those great black, taciturn eyes of his, which opened with longing upon the variegated spectacle, tender and sad, of life, inquired about everything that attracted his curiosity and made his first essays in learning.

You yourselves know well what those lessons were: vernal and fructifying rain that the spirit welcomes as the sunny, virginal field welcomes water. For you, the adults of to-day, what a perfume of nostalgia springs from the memory of that school, a little rambling and not a little monotonous, where you learned to think, and where, for the first time, your eyebrows were knitted in a pensive manner! . . . A little suit of black—the familiar, deplorable mourning—which Florencio Sánchez was to wear in Treinta y Tres[2] for the first time, gave rise also to his first protest of a generous heart whose later exacerbated sufferings were to inflame an artistic brain, which thus created many works that are to endure, because they are the cornerstones, the true foundations, of the drama of the Río de la Plata, and, if you press me, I shall say, of the drama of all South America.

Since Florencio was a real and positive value in the dramaturgy of Hispanic America, it is to be regretted that such a work as *Nuestros hijos*—commended in Italy, in translation (translations, according to Cervantes, are tapestries turned wrong side out)—has not been played before Spanish spectators as intelligent as those of Barcelona, Madrid or Bilbao.

A FRIEND? . . Have I in reality been a friend of Florencio Sánchez's? In formulating this question my mind is overwhemed by perplexities; for I am a truthful soul, and one that likes to give to words—above all when they are as transcendent as this epithet of "friend" (which is profaned daily!)—the deep meaning they possess in their very essence. Being one's friend is something more than having to do with him. "I was speaking with so-and-so," one says. Speaking with so-and-so! . . . It is so little!

Speaking is a mechanical exercise that enables politicians to achieve a career and

[1] An address delivered by the author at the Teatro Roma, in the city of Treinta y Tres, Uruguay, February 28, 1921.

[2] The full name is Villa de los Treinta y Tres (Town of the Thirty-Three): the head of the *departamento* of Treinta y Tres, which was set off in 1884. The name was given the town in honor of "the thirty-three Uruguayan patriots, who, on April 19, 1825, invaded the country along La Agraciada, thus opening a truly titanic crusade against Brazil, which at the time held the Uruguayan territory in subjection." —THE EDITOR.

charlatans to hawk their quack nostrums at a fair.

Pardon me the digression, and pardon me too if I express myself contemptuously of "speaking" at the very moment when I am engaged in the process. My sarcasm is against vain babbling, and it is not because I am inclined to renounce so estimable a faculty as speech. It distinguishes us, more than any other capacity, from the brute; but speech, like the man that uses it, may be generous or egoistic, beneficent or hurtful. How many crimes have not been perpetrated under the malevolent incitement of speech! . . . And how many great works—alas!—have been nothing more than the fruit of persuasion!

Returning to my spiritual relation with Florencio Sánchez, let me say that it was based on something more than close comradeship. While he was alive, I was one of many: one of his many enthusiastic admirers. These hands, which are somewhat tremulous to-day in your presence as they hold the sheets of manuscript, did not weary of applauding plays of such surprising realism as that brief scenic gem entitled *Moneda falsa*.

They were the good days of artistic faith. The traders had not yet invaded the temple of Thalia. As an illustration of the change, it is only necessary to remind you that Sánchez sold his works of greatest genius for something like fifty *pesos*. At present a *currinche* [novice]—as a worthless author is called in good Castilian—in Buenos Aires, with nine leaves of tablet paper, badly written, a theatrical potpourri; two farce scenes and others of the *folletín*[3] style; five hideous pieces of scenery; a great display of costumes and of the naked legs of many women—sopranos, chorus girls and dancers (not all good looking either)—is able to gather in, at the end of a year, 60,000! A fortune!

Believe, ladies and gentlemen, that I do not exaggerate, and that it would not be difficult for me to give the very names. How he must turn in his grave! he that suffered hunger and cold . . . and thirst for righteousness: poor Florencio!

[3]A novel or story, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

If I was not inseparable from Sánchez while he lived—and I should be ashamed to say this, for the poor author would have been less inconsiderate of his own interests if he could have depended on the dominating influence of a sober intimate—on the other hand, after his poor body was covered by the merciful earth of Italy—the artistic country he admired so much!—I became the most fervid of his panegyrists, since I not only prepared the necrological slip-sheet for *La Razón* of November 8, 1910—Florencio died in Milan on the seventh—but I also succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in inducing a great foreign publishing house to scatter his works among all the Spanish-speaking public, and I took the widow to the president of the republic, a few months ago, in order to arrange that the remains of the dramatist might not, through official negligence, go to the common Potter's field in the necropolis of Milan.

Now, when great critics of the mother-country—such as Candamo and Alsina—in commenting on theatrical subjects, allude to the author of *Nuestros hijos* whose dramas they know through the "Cervantes" Edition of Barcelona, I am filled with joy, a joy greater—I swear it—than I should experience over the success of my own books!

You are now aware then what has been the relation that existed between the first South American dramatist and the person that makes you, to his own delight, the address of the evening.

THERE are not wanting in this city those that assert that Florencio Sánchez was a son of Treinta y Tres, recalling (and perhaps being dazzled by) the ineffable days of school comradeship. The datum is incorrect. Not, however, because of the fact that the admirable genius was not born here ought you to care less for him. Being born here or there . . . is a geographical question of no importance. Being decent here or there, doing something for the honor of the place where one resides: this is the only kind of patriotism that is acceptable in our days! Gathering data that seemed to me to be of particular

weight—and which no one has publicly questioned hitherto—I have placed the following inscription in the volumes of the "Cervantes" edition:

FLORENCIO SÁNCHEZ
WAS BORN
IN MONTEVIDEO
JANUARY 17, 1875
HE DIED
NOVEMBER 7, 1910
IN MILAN
HIS LIFE WAS SORROWFUL
AND TRIUMPHANT

Let me now draw the silhouette of the artist, this somber artist—so often touched by genius—who died at thirty-five, when his richest fruits were about to appear. I have said elsewhere that he figured in journalism, "without success or brilliancy," excelling in the facility with which he wrote the dialogues of his police chronicles. Think now, however, that Florencio Sánchez was a vulgar penny-a-liner. We have, as an example, *Cartas de un flojo*, so bald, but filled with downright frankness, to prove it; and there is, gathered in a book, half chronicle, half sociological essay, *El caudillaje*, with sentences as sharp as the following. He wrote, with reference to the inhabitants of a region—not a little tumultuous in other days—of Rio Grande do Sul: "Custom has made them so familiar with beheading, that it constitutes the only form of homicide and even of suicide." Farther on, after asserting that along that frontier of Brazil one might not hold his head very high, because even the atmosphere had a keen edge, he added: "In quarrels, one never hears anybody say, 'I shall kill you,' but, 'When I catch you, I shall cut your head off;' and I think a creditor sends a message thus: 'If you do not pay me, I shall take off your head'." Later, we come on: "The police commissioner of Santa Ana kept on telling us that whenever a crime was committed and the criminal was put in prison, dozens of persons filed through the office begging him to lend them the prisoner for a moment in order that they might cut his head off." All this, which makes us laugh at first sight and which, if we reflect, would make us weep, is the element that runs like a thread through his works—a humor of good vein—and it only need be said that there is nothing farther from it than the jocosity with which people are given to confounding humor (which is a "fusion of comic genius with tragic genius"). If the prose in the works of Florencio Sánchez upon which I am commenting is a little dense and not at all beautiful, yet, in spite of everything, diaphanous, it ought to be recognized that the thought is deep and bold and generous. Observe how he speaks from Buenos Aires to his compatriots, who are killing each other in a struggle of frightful cruelty:

> Be less reckless. Have more regard for your own lives, and you will end by not despising so much those of your neighbors. Be less localistic. No piece of ground has given birth to us. The whole of it belongs to us—with its oxygen and its sun—and it is a dominion that all men have an equal right to enjoy.

If you are to honor Sánchez, begin by not disputing over the spot where he was born. What was said by this Uruguayan boy many years ago continues to be pertinent, in view of the ghastly European hecatomb. It is a thought, unfortunately, always new. Saying the same, Romain Rolland sends forth through all the regions of the civilized world his *Clerambault* in one of whose admirable passages may be read the following excerpt:

> It is to belittle man, who was born to see and know everything, to attach him to a plot of ground. Any land is a wise man's home. . . . God gives us the earth in order that we may all enjoy it in common, with the obligation of being honorable.

It is not true that Florencio Sánchez, merely because he was not a "stylist," wrote badly, although it must be said that "style" is not merely form, but essence. According to Zola, the French writer that has spent less time polishing his prose, Saint-Simon was a great stylist. He explained: "The worst of all is that correct, fluid and easy style, that deluge of commonplaces, of threadbare images, which causes the larger part of the public to exclaim: 'it is well written.' No; it is not well written; for it has no life of its own, no original flavor, even at the expense of correctness and the exigencies of language." This must be the thought of the Argentine critic Roberto

F. Guisti also, who in his notable biographical study entitled *Florencio Sánchez*—a study that I would have you know—concedes style to the author of *Los muertos*, alleging that it is easy to recognize to whom any one of its pages belongs.

This assertion, that Sánchez had no style, seems to me to be a remark of bad faith, in respect of a realistic writer, one that wrote little enough—when its doors were opened to him—for the stage. Certainly, for the setting of his tragedies, his comedies and his farces, there was no need of the polished prose of an *Azorín*, or, to go higher in the scale of formal values, a Gustave Flaubert. His plays are essentially popular, and his personages speak according to what they are: men and women of the people. Are the dialogues badly written? . . . As they conform to the exacting standard—that of truth—we must agree that the works of Sánchez are well written.

His greatest defect is to be found precisely here. In *Los derechos de la salud* and *Nuestros hijos*, there are moments in which certain characters speak without naturalness, too "bookishly." Rhetoric bursts into flower, but accuracy languishes.

Like Roberto Bracco (and this is a remark that I have already made elsewhere), Florencio began to "meditate" upon life by informing himself of robbers, rapes and crimes. Attention has been called to the interest that he applied to all the details that surrounded the police cases and jotted down for his journalistic chronicles. Be assured that from that period sprang the arguments of his most real dramas. A calling that brutalizes and enervates many, refined the sensibility of this great emotionalist that was Florencio Sánchez during his lifetime. Until he came, the drama of the Plata was but dull babbling. Truculence was confounded with dramatic vigor, and buffoonery was termed the "comic vein." Barbarous dramas, of puerile ingenuousness, exalted the unconquerable courage of the *gaucho*. After the revolution of 1897, Sánchez altered his ideology and condemned the familiar tragedy, as we have already seen, with the *Cartas de un flojo*. According to him, they are neither whites nor reds, but Uruguayans, or better still, citizens of the world . . . that suffer. Thus was born a crusader's passion, which absorbed, which completely dominated, his soul. Therefore we see him later, through the medium of his works, taking the side of the weaker, of the nobler, of the one that was more worthy of defense. Here you have the whole vital revolutionism of his drama.

MUCH has been written, not only of the value of his plays, but even of the manner in which the twenty works that constitute them ought to be grouped. Ricardo Rojas spoke of two nuclei, which might be denominated rural and urban. More logical seems to me the classification made by Emilio Frugoni: dramas of the country and of the city, and topical works. In the first volume of the "Cervantes" edition, I have respected this opinion of the Uruguayan critic. Therefore in it are to be found *M'hijo el dotor*, *Los muertos* and *Nuestros hijos*, even if it might have been well for me to substitute for the last of these dramas *Los derechos de la salud*, since I desired to offer to the public of Spain the most suggestive of each group. What about *La gringa* and *Barranca abajo?* you will say. I reply that in the first act of *M'hijo el dotor* the drama of the Río de la Plata reached its "greatest" moment. It is something like the invocation of Pérez Galdós's *El abuelo* in Spanish dramaturgy.

According to Frugoni, the classification of the works of Sánchez would be as follows:

First group: *M'hijo el dotor* (1903); *La gringa* (1904); and *Barranca abajo* (1905), to mention only the most important.

Second group: *En familia* (1905); *Los muertos* (1905); and *El pasado* (1906).

Third group: *Nuestros hijos* (1907); and *Los derechos de la salud* (1907.)

Roberto F. Giusti gives as a topical work *El pasado*, and, on the other hand, he doubts whether this qualification applies to *Nuestros hijos*.

There remain the lesser works, which it is necessary to include in the first two groups: *Canillita* (1904); *Cédulas de San Juan* (1904); *La pobre gente* (1904); *Mano santa* (1905); *El conventillo* (1906); *E. desalojo* (1906); *Los curdas* (1907); *La tigra*

(1907); *Moneda falsa* (1907); *El cacique Picbuleo* (1907); *Marta Gruni* (1908); and *Un buen negocio* (1909).

It is significant that in a little more than one luster he yielded an artistic wealth that few writers produce during a long lifetime.

Los curdas, the worst of all the plays that Sánchez offered to the public, was what is called, in the journalistic argot, a "rehash," which he probably put together urged on by necessity. We already know that Sánchez was acquainted with cold and hunger. Perhaps it was in one of those dark nights of poverty that he caught up the manuscript of *Gente honesta*, a farce the presentation of which was prohibited by the theaters of Rosario de Santa Fe—while Sánchez was a Rosarian journalist—and changed the setting, selling it afterward, for the often mentioned mess of pottage, to the producer that exploited him.

However, side by side with the daring vulgarity of *Los curdas*, what beauties, what a deep vein of gold! . . . Take, for instance, *M'hijo el dotor*, a production with which every critical study must necessarily begin, since it was the renewing zephyr of the creole stage. It was at length possible to see on the boards *gauchos* of flesh and blood, and not those of the riding-school type, such as had appeared in all previous works, from *Juan Moreira* (which has, nevertheless, an initial value), to the *Cobarde* of Peréz Petit and the *Jesús nazareno* of García Villoso. With *M'hijo el dotor* our drama acquires decorum, assumes the light and blood of life. The highest criticism is recognizing, as time passes, the extraordinary value, the lofty significance, of Sánchez's plays. In *Teatro Nacional*, a recently published work, as judicious a critic as Alfredo A. Bianchi does not hesitate to reprint the enthusiastic defense he made when the dogs were being set on *Los derechos de la salud*, Sánchez's broadest conception. Bianchi wrote:

> The new drama affords us the rare pleasure of a first act admirably constructed—the exposition is clear and rapid—vigorous and moving; and of a third act with a marvelous intensity of movement and simplicity of means. As to the second, the most perfect of the three, it is unsurpassable.

He does not hesitate to affirm:

> It is palpitating flesh of humanity. It is life itself, but sharpened, tuned, filtered, by the hand of the most perspicacious of psychologists. It is, indeed, dramatic art of the highest quality.

I find no better way to make clear to you how great was the theatrical contribution of Sánchez than to read you the critical synthesis of Guisti, the best biographer of that stupendous man of intuition, the admiration of whom brings us devoutly together this evening.[3]

SOIZA says that to sing the life of Florencio Sánchez is to shame his contemporaries. "With what contempt," he exclaims, "will future generations speak of our generation, as they invoke the bent figure of Florencio, coughing, tramping in and out of all the offices of the theaters with his magnificent and unpublished works." Unquestionably, in the Bohemia of the author of *Los muertos*, there was a still more somber drama than any that appears in this list of his successful plays. Valdague affirms that man "is a logical being that always sees the best of things and does the worst." At least this has been true of great artists on innumerable occasions. Does this explain the drinking of one that so well bestowed upon the stage "the tragedy of alcohol?"

"It seems unbelievable that those of you that have talent should be so stupid!" said a Madrid modiste with brutal frankness in Barroja's last novel.

It is that nature, in lavishing her gifts, possesses a stupendous "sense of distribution." She compensates with the tenacity of an ox for lack of acuteness, and she endows the most lucid spirit with the vacillating will of a child. From this inharmony sprang Sánchez's Bohemianism, that Bohemianism which, if it hurt his career as a struggler, prevented, in spite of the noisy successes he achieved through his dramatic works, his arousing great hostility. The illustrious Joaquín de Vedia was mistaken when he wrote of Sánchez: "If that gifted somnambulist had been a methodical worker, a disciplined or well balanced one,

[3] *Florencio Sánchez: su vida y su obra*, Editorial "Justicia," Buenos Aires, 1920, pages 98–112.

with a little less of the Bohemian and a little more of the bourgeois, I think his fate would have been very different from what it was, so much so that he would have found smooth and easy the way that would have led to the recognition of his talent." I set over against the hasty words of Vedia, who knows a great deal about the theater, but who does not know men, these admirable remarks of Oscar Wilde's; "Everybody is capable of sympathizing with the trials of a friend, but to sympathize with the success of a friend, a very generous nature is necessary;" in a word, that "when people do not pity, they hate." Without the squalid figure of Sánchez, when he put on *M'hijo el dotor;* without the legend of his hard existence as a vagabond, Sánchez would not have appealed to the public; and the mediocre critics would have pardoned him less the terrible crime of possessing great talent. Had he been strong and well-to-do, the applause would have cheapened him. Laborious and disciplined, his laboriousness, here where authors that work are so few, would have been taken as an offense.

Once dead, it would have been different; we should have done him justice; but, as a thinker has said, nothing so resembles injustice as tardy justice.

With his pallid cheeks and his frail body, there were not wanting critics that denied him merit. Among other things, they said that his plays—of such breadth and popular strength—"were but slightly literary." As if literature were inflation, bombast! . . . As if pithy phrases needed to be overlaid with spangles, after the manner of the corselets of the cabaret dancers! . . . I accept as an incontrovertible truth the affirmation of Maeztú: "The best literature is that which says the most in the fewest words." Every period requires its peculiar vehicle of thought. What is language but the vehicle of thought? . . . In the age of airplanes, all that is not rapid language I hold to be an anachronism. The theme, however, is ample, and it would carry us far afield.

Returning to the Bohemianism of Florencio Sánchez, I say, ladies and gentlemen, that even to-day, after he is dead, it continues to be for us an attractive detail. He was aware of it. Florencio knew that his talent was "less troublesome" when his poor body was wretchedly clad. Therefore, the day that a producer dressed him from head to foot for the first time, Florencio Sánchez said in the café, in the presence of a group of his easy-going friends:

"A new suit? . . . You are mistaken! It is that I have given myself a brushing to-day."

His anecdotes are always sad, sad although they make us laugh. Shrinking into himself or dressing himself out like a pickpocket, he would sneak in and lay hands on the blanks of the telegraph office.

"Why did you do that?" one of his intimates chided him. "I can send you good paper to your house."

Florencio Sánchez would reply: "Many thanks, old man! I sat down to write last night on fine paper, given me by José Ingenieros, and nothing came. The trick of it, *che!*"[4]

Blanca Podestá described to me, many years ago now, the appearance of Sánchez in the theater where she was playing. Ezequiel Solia said to the comedians: "I bring here the great author of the future!" and the more or less illiterate Thespians, seeing that thin youth with the figure of a half-witted, hungry and ill clad child, burst into laughter; but the play, which was *M'hijo el dotor*, was put on, and Sánchez, with its tremendous success, had his revenge. The actress told me that during the rehearsals, while watching the scene of the little bird, Sánchez's eyes filled with tears. Are you unacquainted with that beautiful theatrical episode? From Jesusita, the little country girl, has escaped the blackbird of which she took greatest care: "How high it has gone!" She would catch it, but she hesitates: "Look at the little rascal winking his eye at me!" And when she is about to overtake it, Julio, the student, *M'hijo el dotor* (My Son the Doc'),

[4]An untranslatable, very characteristic, prevalent and familiar term of address, equivalent at times to "you," "you there," at others to "fellow," "old fellow." Salvat defines it as an *Americanism* expressive of "joy, pain, admiration, contempt," but our observation of its use by Argentines—and we have encountered it among them only—does not confirm this definition, but, rather, the one we have given. We have found no adequate explanation of its origin. —THE EDITOR.

as the poor mother calls him, accompanies her, without the girl's observing it, pressing her lovingly in his arms: "Silly, you made him escape! Look at him, look at him! . . . He is going over the top of the house!" This scene Sánchez did not invent; rather, he had the good fortune to live it. He lived it with the girl that much later became his wife.

In Sánchez little was invention; all or nearly all was the fruit of observation. Canillita, for example, was a Rosario newsboy. To-day the term "canillitas" has established itself in the two great cities of the Plata, and it is applied to all the newsboys.

At the age of sixteen, Florencio Sánchez left the paternal home, after having worked in Minas as the scribe of the administrative council.

He was a happy, expansive and optimistic boy. He acknowledges it when he writes to Masoni de Lis: "I have acquired the reputation of a charlatan!" Life made him sad and reserved.

He came to an *estancia*[5] of Treinta y Tres to join the revolutionaries, in 1897, and at that time he must have received not a few of the impressions that afterward went into *M'hijo el dotor*, *Barranca abajo* and *La gringa*, although the last of these dramas must have been revised in La Florida.[6] When the first of these works attained success, Gerónimo Podestá, the producer, pounded Sánchez on his bony back, behind the scenes, saying:

"But friend! . . . who could tell that this sack contained so many sausages!"

He was a big boy, with all the inconsistencies and all the tendernesses of a boy. The goodness of his heart was shown to the full in this much repeated anecdote:

"What are you doing here?" he said to some boys that were given to sleeping on the sidewalks of Buenos Aires, near the building of *La Prensa*.

"We are waiting for the newspapers, boy."

"And with this barbarous night, aren't you cold?"

"No; because a little heat comes up from the presses," replied a warm-blooded youngster.

Another, a weaker one, said, however:

"We are very cold, yes, señor."

Then Sánchez put his hand in his pocket and took out fifty *centavos*—all that he had! —which he gave to the boys in order that they might go to the café.

The señora Catalina Rabentós de Sánchez, the dramatist's widow, told me that the artist was not so Bohemian as he has been painted; and if he had been, would he have been able to think out and write so many works? Let us give heed to "Catita," as Sánchez affectionately called her:

"*M'hijo el dotor* was not written in the café, as has been said. He wrote it when we were lovers, in the house of one of my aunts. I went half a week without seeing him, and my mother said, mockingly:

"'You see now, don't you, that this young man is an anarchist? He has run away in order not to marry you.'

"I suffered greatly, but I suffered in silence. A mysterious voice told me that Florencio would return; and he did return. He came back wild with joy, transfigured, and in his hand the manuscript of the work that was going to establish his genius."

The "terrible anarchist," married by the church, respected his home so much that never, when he was drunk, did he appear there, and his wife seldom, if ever, saw him drunk.

Drunk! . . . Only fancy the tragedy of it! . . . How many and of what a kind were the bitternesses that drowned Sánchez in wormwood! . . . In want of comprehension, in want of comfort, in want of health! Poor Bohemian! He saw himself without will and without defense against life. He was therefore as one of those "dead men that walk," the distressing analysis of whom Florencio himself makes in the most somber and moving of his dramas.

Sorrow always inspiring artists! Not for nothing did Catá say that sorrow seeks the noble consolation of art, which deliciously increases it or deadens it.

[5] Used in southern South America for the Castilian *hacienda*, country estate, with its equipment of buildings, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

[6] The name of a city and *departamento* in Uruguay; the city, the head of the *departamento*, was founded on September 5, 1809, with the name of San Fernando de la Florida, out of respect for Fernando VII and the president of the Suprema Junta Central de España e Indias, count of Florida Blanca; it became a city in 1894; the *departamento* was erected in 1856.—THE EDITOR.

THE FORMATION OF THE LAKE OF MARACAIBO

BY

ADOLF ERNST

The author, a distinguished scientist, describes in detail the origin of what is not only one of the most interesting late geological formations, but also one of the most picturesque and economically productive regions of America.—THE EDITOR.

VERY different from its present state was the aspect of the Venezuelan territory at the end of the mesozoic period and the beginning of the tertiary period. Instead of constituting a great whole of extensive lands, with vast plains and upheaved mountains, there were only three islands, relatively small, and separated from each other by oceanic waters: toward the northeast, the island of Cumaná; toward the southeast, that of Guiana; and toward the west, that of Mérida. Only the last of these islands interests us now. Its elevations were much less than are to-day the crests and summits of the cordillera, and its shores were bathed on all sides by the waves of the ocean of the period. In that sea were formed, with the passing of countless centuries, great deposits of calcareous materials, to the depth of many thousands of feet, which comprised within their layers, as in an immense bone-yard, the remains of several organisms that lived and died in the bosom of those waters.

A little before the close of the tertiary period, occurred the last upheaval of the cordillera, which then attained its present height. This upheaval resulted, not from a force that worked in a vertical direction, but from an immensely powerful lateral force that came from the northeast, as is demonstrated by the direction of the folds that represent the upheaved strata, according to the observations of Doctor W. Sievers.[1]

[1]See his publications on the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta and the Sierra de Perijá, in the publications of the Geographical Society of Berlin, volume XXIII; and his book, *Die Cordillere von Mérida*, Vienna, 1886.

From beneath the waters then arose the calcareous deposits that on one and the other side skirt the axis of the cordillera, formed of crystalline schists. Geology includes them in the cretaceous formation, differentiating two sections, generally superimposed: a lower and older one, and another higher and more recent one, both with a great number of characteristic fossils. Such is the origin of the calcium carbonates that are of so much importance in the geological structure of the Venezuelan Andes.

A corresponding upheaval occurred in the sierras of Perijá, and at the same time the marine gulf that lay between them and the cordillera of Mérida was changed into dry land, although there probably remained many small lagoons of salt water. A vegetation of extraordinary richness and luxuriance, forming an immense marshy forest—through which wandered, until the beginning of the quaternary period, the mastodon and megatherium, the last representatives of the old gigantic forms in the class of the mammals that are preserved in our soil—was developed there.

No one can say how long that state of things continued; we know only that the oscillations of the geological pendulum are measured by centuries. So it is to be understood that in that primitive forest might have been formed an enormous accumulation of organic substances, in a state of greater or less decomposition, that above, and from the midst of it, life continued to spring ceaselessly under the triple influence of a very fertile soil, an atmosphere saturated with water vapor and a uniform tropical heat.

Venezuela, however, has been at all times the theater of extraordinary geological phenomena. As in its eastern part a great submergence gave rise to the Golfo Triste, tearing away from the continent what is to-day the island of Trinidad, so there was in the western part, and perhaps at the same time, another no less extensive one that again converted the forest region west of the cordillera into a gulf of the sea. This cataclysm probably took place a little after the sinking of the lands that formerly extended between Cuba and Jamaica, on the east, and the present peninsulas of Yucatán and Honduras on the west, where the sea has, even to-day, a very slight depth.

Such was the origin of the lake of Maracaibo, and such was it held to be by the illustrious geographer Codazzi.[2]

At first the lake was much larger than it is now, as it extended to the foot of the cordillera, whose western and northern branches disappeared in large measure with that submergence, as is shown by the very sharp declivity presented by the cordillera toward the lower plains that to-day form the shores of the lake on the southern and eastern sides.

The submergence was of greater intensity near the higher ranges of the cordillera, that is, toward the south and southeast; thence toward the north its effect diminished gradually, with the result that the waters are shallower in this latter section. This circumstance is related to a former upheaval of the cordillera; for precisely in the neighborhood of the most elevated part of the sierra must have been the greatest upending of its strata, with great faults and dislocations, there resulting thus an inner disequilibrium that was the chief cause of the submergence of the adjacent lands.

The communication of the lake with the sea toward the north did not have the present configuration at the beginning. It was much wider, although always of slight depth. The islands of Zapara and San Carlos are of later formation, due to the gradual accumulation of sands brought down by the coastal current of the Caribbean sea. Bajo-Seco is the same, and La Barra, a sort of unfinished island, has an identical origin. Only the island of Toas seems to be of the ancient lands. Situated in a straight line between the last heights (Serranía de Siruma) that come down from the savannan plateau of Taratara and the mountains of Oca in southern Guajira, it is probable that it belongs to the former [the heights], and the latter [the mountains], to the same fold of soil, already formed in the tertiary period. The existence in it of a deposit of mineral coal indicates, nevertheless, that it has not always been above the water. Shiftings of the land along the coast of Venezuela were frequent in those times, as has been proved by the distinguished paleontologist K. Martin, for the islands of Curazao, Aruba and Buenaire, where there exist indications that there occurred, at some time in the quaternary period, an uplift of more than two hundred meters, which was followed later by a movement of equal amplitude, in a contrary direction.[3]

In consequence of the great breaking up, the extensive forest, with its deep accumulations of organic substances and its millions of living beings, as submerged under the water and, covered by the incalculable mass of the detritus produced, it was buried beneath the bottom of the new lake. There very soon extended above this same floor new deposits of detritus, brought down by the numerous rivers in their torrential descent from the mountains round about; and thus, little by little, aiding perhaps some upheaving of the land, came to be formed the low ground that to-day constitutes the shores of the lake to the foot of the neighboring cordilleras. All this region therefore is made land, and, geologically speaking, of very recent origin: Maracaibo is, indeed, one of the newest spots of the Venezuelan soil.

What happened to the buried forest? That stratum, of organic origin, being protected from the direct influence of the atmosphere, suffered a peculiar transformation, whose products are mineral coal, asphalt, petroleum, ozocerite and other hydrocarbides that have already been found at several points and that doubt-

[2] See his *Resumen de la geografía de Venezuela*, page 454.

[3] *Geologische Studien*, Leyden, 1888, page 135.

less form an extensive bed beneath the bottom of the lake and in the depth of the plains in its neighborhood. It may be said without exaggeration that there lies here a treasure that would be worth millions, if there were any possibility of man's utilizing it. It will doubtless be utilized at certain points, but in general and while the present conditions continue, nature will always oppose, with her hostile climate and her atmosphere charged with deadly miasmas, an insuperable *noli me tangere* to efforts to bring to the light of day again the substances in which was stored up in those far-away times such a rich treasure of solar energy.

It seems that this deposit of combustible fossils is on fire at certain places, as, for example, at the spot called El Volcán, in the neighborhood of Tulé, according to the very interesting report published by the señor Wenceslao Briceño Méndez in one of the newspapers of Maracaibo about the year 1876.[4] In other places the petroliferous stratum is either a superficial deposit or it is covered by easily permeable soils, so that there exist natural flows of gas and liquid materials: this happens in the place called El Inferno, at a short distance from the confluence of the rivers Tara and Sardineta, which was visited by Doctor MacGregor, as the señor Plumacher relates in a report on the deposits of petroleum in the basin of Maracaibo.[5]

We think that the phenomenon known by the name of Farol [lantern] de Maracaibo does not depend on the same cause. According to all the descriptions, the light is produced by repeated electrical discharges, which are the consequence of intermittent tensions, due to the rapid formation of water vapor. It is, on a small scale, the same phenomenon as that which is exhibited during the rapid ascent of the column of water vapor that issues from the crater of a volcano, before the beginning of the eruption of lava.

The partial refilling of the lake was greater in the southern part, because the number of rivers that descend from the cordillera is greater there. In the central part, the accumulation of detritus was less considerable, because these conditions do not exist there; and the communication of the lake with the sea was modified, above all, by the sands that were brought down from the beginning by the great coastal current of Venezuela, and that were left there because of the almost contrary rush of the waters that issued from the lake.

This current has had and still has a great influence on the configuration of the Venezuelan coast. To it the gulf of Maracaibo owes its slight depth inside the hundred fathom line, which, passing along the north of Aruba, goes in a westerly direction, keeping at a distance of some ten leagues from the extreme north of Guajira.[6] This peninsula is also the work of the same current, which, by means of its sands, has joined, between itself and the continent, the group of islands that corresponds to the ridges that rise to-day on the peninsula. As in Los Roques, north of La Guaira, the sea between these islands was shallow, especially after the upheaval they doubtless experienced, like Curazao, Aruba and Buenaire. Thus the sands could be accumulated, the shoals soon being changed into dry places and the archipelago into a peninsula. The distinguished explorer of the Guajira, Mr. J. A. A. Simons, thinks that this result was due to the circumstance that the course of the river Magdalena was formerly through the valley of the rivers César and La Ranchería, and that it emptied where La Guaira is to-day. Sievers, however, very justly remarks that, in the first place, the valley of the latter is too narrow for the case, and that, besides, in both are lacking the great deposits of transported substances that doubtless must have been brought down by so powerful a river.

I have already said that the islands of Zapara and San Carlos are the work of the same coastal current, and the same may be said of the narrow tongue of land that joins the *island* of Paraguaná to the neighboring continent. There the phenomenon is easy to explain. It is

[4] See also *El Zulia Ilustrado*, number 8, page 65.

[5] *Consular reports of the United States*, number 2, Washington, 1880, page 11.

[6] *Deep Sea Soundings in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea*, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, report for 1881, map number 21.

known that the waters of the lake, as they leave the mouth, form a current with a velocity of from four to five miles an hour; it soon divides into two branches, one of them westerly, and the other easterly in the direction of the gulf of Coro. The latter encountered, south of Paraguaná, the coastal current, which rendered difficult the later carrying of the sands, and there resulted a deposit, which, little by little, formed a bridge between the mainland and the island and changed the latter into a peninsula. Maracaibo and her lake belong, according to what has been set forth, to the quarternary period, with the probable exception of the island of Toas, which seems to be of tertiary or perhaps cretaceous origin: a point that it would be easy to clear up, if one of our Zulian friends, interested, as all are, in the study of the natural conditions of their land, would have the kindness to favor us with certain fossiliferous specimens of the rock that forms the higher part of that island.

The rich vegetation that to-day covers the shores of the lake is the second that displays there, as the former displayed, all the glories of our zone; only that to it has been added *man:* at first, wandering tribes, living in the forest, off the more or less fortuitous products of the chase, and building their huts along the same waters of the lake from which they drew a somewhat more reliable sustenance. Most of these tribes have disappeared, and only in certain places, particularly in the impenetrable forests of the south and southwest, have been preserved a few limited remnants that lead a very miserable life in the midst of natural conditions that protect them from the current of civilization, which would be disastrous to them. Of other tribes, there have remained only their names, and of one of the most important of them, as it seems, only that of their chief, *Maracaibo* or "Tiger Hand", a name which, as a vengeance of historical right, has replaced for a long time that of Nueva Zamora, the one that Alonso Pacheco, who desired to perpetuate the memory of his cradle, gave to what is to-day the flourishing capital of Zulia: always the seat of tested patriotism and clear intelligence, and now, more than ever, of daring progress and very noble aspirations.

LIBERTY OF UTTERANCE

BY

ENRIQUE GAY CALBÓ

The author—taking a middle ground between journalistic and platform license, on the one hand, and undue and unfair restriction of the press and the people, on the other—studies both the past and present laws regulative of public utterance in Cuba and conditions there during the colonial period, that of the United States intervention and that of independent government, and he calls upon the authorities for legislation that will prevent the hampering of public utterance and, at the same time, the abuse of freedom of expression; in other words, he asks for proper regulation, which, he contends, does not exist.—THE EDITOR.

Every person may freely express his thought, either orally or in writing, in print or in any other manner, without being subject to previous censorship, yet without prejudice to the obligations imposed by the laws in case attack be made, by any means, upon the honor of persons, the social order or the public peace.—ARTICLE XXV OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE REPUBLIC.

IT IS fitting that a journalist should write on the freedom we have in Cuba, in practice and in theory, for the dissemination of thought. The journalist makes a profession of the spread of news and comment on it. In the life of the nations of to-day, he is a factor in their progress and one more wheel in the complicated machinery of the social organism. At times, like the incompetent teacher of whom Saco spoke, he is the scourge of the society that he attempts to serve.

"Let us speak with sincerity; let us think with sincerity," said Rodó. Let us do it. There was a time in Cuba, during the Spanish rule, in which protest was kept latent in our minds, angered, as we were, by gag and outrage. In towns, in hamlets, in the country, Cubans gathered to express their opinions in opposition to the colonial régime. Not a few were the cases—such as that of Santa Isabel de las Lajas, in the province of Santa Clara—in which believers in local autonomy were forced to meet under a tree, in order to hold their festival and entertain the leaders of the party, who were visiting them. It was a state of protest. Journalists, orators and people were getting ready. To-day the situation is different: the citizens of the republic feel now a certain smallness of spirit that the colonists of Spain did not experience; and the journalists have found it necessary to engage in a more intensely partizan campaign. They are the only mouthpieces of protest.

The press unquestionably is to blame for the not infrequent vagaries of public opinion. The heated campaigns of journalism have done the republic much harm: they have elevated idols of clay and destroyed good reputations; they have defended base tendencies and venal leaders; they have sometimes favored indiscipline and rebellion; and at others they have supported those that stood for conquest or the retention of power by criminal means and processes. In other words:

> The press in general lacks unanimity regarding certain values, which is what renders its power effective over the conscience of the people. However high one newspaper may set patriot A——, ideal B and sentiment C, there is always another to pull them down to the earth. We do not have discussion, but attack; reputations are injured, annihilated.[1]

The press of our country therefore has not been able to perform its function. This is the truth; but it has, on the other hand, done service in trying, in most cases, to place an obstacle in the way of the uncontrollable power of the victors in the electoral contests, when purity of suffrage has not prevailed in them. In periods of national surveillance, censorship, and blood-letting, the press has cast a tiny ray of light, timid but illuminating, upon the extralimitations and concupiscences of rulers. It has suffered persecutions and suppressions, and journalists have been accused, imprisoned or fined at different

[1] José Antonio Ramos: *Manuel del perfecto fulanista*, 1916, page 294.

times, during the North American interventionist administration and after the republic was established.

As to the freedom of assemblage that has been enjoyed and is still enjoyed in Cuba, let us recall what was written during the period of Spanish rule (1895) by an illustrious thinker and patriot:

> They say that freedom of assemblage exists in Cuba. Every time the people congregate, after notifying the authorities, they have present a functionary that may suspend the meeting, when he thinks it proper. The Círculo de Trabajadores was forbidden to meet, on the ground that the building in which the meeting was to be held was not sufficiently strong. Last year the members of the Círculo de Hacendados called together its associates throughout the country to make a great demonstration, with a view to obtaining the relief demanded by the critical state of their affairs. The government found means to prevent their assembling. One of the most significant events that has occurred in Cuba, and one that throws most light upon her real political régime, was the failure of the great *junta* projected by the same Círculo de Hacendados in 1884. That corporation sought the aid of the Sociedad Económica and of the Junta General de Comercio for the gathering of an assembly that should present to the government of the mother-country the complaints that had been made in the country because of the precarious condition in which she found herself. The preparatory measures were well under way, when a friend of the government, the señor Rodríguez Correa, explained that the governor-general viewed *with displeasure* and *prohibited* the meeting of the major *junta*. This was sufficient to frighten the Círculo and to cause the project to fail. It may be seen then that the inhabitants of Cuba meet when the government deems it proper to let them meet.[2]

Some months after the revolution of February, 1917, when the territory of the nation was once more pacified and when the reëlected president, who had been proclaimed by the congress of the republic, was in possession of the government, two legislators—one of them a member of the chamber of representatives and the other of the senate—made an effort to reform the constitution. Some of the dailies, whose publication the government had suspended when that armed movement began, had already reappeared, but their efforts were weak, like those of convalescents. Of the two bills, that of the chamber had more supporters in the official centers, because it conferred a larger measure of powers and prerogatives upon the president of the republic. The opposition press confined itself to infinitesimal criticisms, in opposing this reform. An institution with civic and intellectual tendencies—the Fundación Luz Caballero—brought together the most distinguished Cubans in order that from its unbiased platform the country might be told what kind of reforms they were undertaking to inject into the constitution and as to how far these modifications of the fundamental code were proper. Eminent Cubans took a stand against the two bills, and to them we owe it in large measure that we have not a tergiversated constitution. In each of the gatherings mentioned there was, as in former times, a representative of the government, who, according to the law of public order—enforced at that time because public guaranties were still suspended—had the power to dissolve the meetings and to order the restraint of the speakers.

It is true—and it is but just to recognize it—that on that occasion freedom of utterance was respected, and that the presence of the representative mentioned—unknown to or overlooked by many—in no way restrained the opinions of the orators, some of whom harshly censured the policy of the rulers, in making a severe criticism of their acts. However, the legal situation of those that met there was equivalent to that which existed in the period to which Doctor Varona referred, and the discretional power of the government to restrict liberty of utterance was the same.

The press could do little or nothing, being fearful, as it was, that any overstepping of the line of conduct marked out would give rise to a new order of suspension.

Since that time there has existed a veritable journalistic libertinage. In a year of electoral campaign the same newspapers have attacked to the point of defamation, and exalted to the point of hyperbole,

[2]Enrique José Varona: *De la colonia a la república*, 1919, page 62.

the same personages, and they have gone to incredible extremes in the use of language and monstrous accusations. Others have borrowed from the dictionary all the epithets of virulence to hurl them in the faces of opponents. Passions have boiled. Journalists have again been fined, imprisoned and put under surveillance.

THE republic of Cuba has had four constitutions, adopted by constituent assemblies, put into effect and complied with, although three of them partially and in territories in rebellion against the Spanish rule. The first was voted by the free people of Guáimaro, April 10, 1869; the second, at Jimaguayú, September 16, 1895 the third, at La Yaya, October 30, 1897; and the present one, dated at Habana, February 21, 1901. All these legal documents are based, in their fundamentals, on the declaration of the rights of man set forth by the convention of the French revolution. In all, with the exception of that of Jimaguayú, the right freely to express thought has been recognized and established. The constitution of Guáimaro runs:

> Article XVII: The chamber (the supreme power during the revolution) may not attack freedom of worship, the press, the right of peaceful assembly, teaching or petition, or any inalienable right of the people.

The conventionalists of 1869—patriots full of optimism and ingenuous enthusiasm —legislated as if for a people at peace; they covered, in their legislation, all the rights that man had acquired throughout the ages; but, nevertheless, the members of the assembly were merely the daring champions of a liberty that did not exist. The right to express opinions was duly respected in the "republic of bamboos" about which Márquez Sterling tells us.

If all the articles of the constitution of Guáimaro are based on the establishment of a democratic and peaceful state of beings, those of the constitution of Jimaguayú have, as their aim, the firm organization of the Cubans for war. Lessoned by the terrible teachings of the previous revolution, the constituents drafted merely a set of regulations by which the Cuban Consejo de Gobierno ruled under arms. In those regulations there could be no place for the rights that all legislations grant to citizens, because there were no citizens, but rather soldiers of a cause still unrecognized by the other powers of the earth.

When the revolution became stronger, when the military operations of the Cubans extended over the whole national territory and when the organization of the public was effected, the constituent assembly, meeting at La Yaya, in compliance with an order of the former constitution, replaced the regulations by a fundamental code and drafted an excellent constitution, with definite duties and rights, which is a serious and well considered effort. Article XIII of that constitution says:

> All Cubans have the right freely to express their ideas and to meet and to associate for the lawful purposes of life.

The existing constitution, adopted at Habana in the year 1901, guarantees, in its article XXV, the most absolute liberty for the expression of thought. As may be seen, in every phase of Cuban public life, in the evolution of the national institutions accomplished through Cubans, there has been a clear and unmistakable tendency to respect the rights secured by man centuries ago and affirmed by the French revolution. Those that preferred to die or to lose family and fortune, to making terms with colonial tyrannies, could conduct themselves in no other manner. In modern societies, liberty of expression is indispensable. When ideas are cramped, much is lacking for the development of civilized life.

The founders of the nation, sincere republicans, expressed their opinion and that of the whole country in drawing up the constitution. They put into it the rooted convictions that had led them to revolution in behalf of freedom, and they favored the greatest possible degree of liberty for the inhabitants of Cuba. All had suffered a most unjust persecution in the colonial period, and all desired that the coming generations should not encounter the obstacle of useless restriction upon their progress.

As a human product, the constitution is perfect, in respect of liberty. Perhaps the jurisconsult or the statesman might desire to introduce into it certain amendments. Perhaps the presidential term may be short; or the prerogatives of the executive may be many, and some of them dangerous; or it may be that the organization of the national government ought to be parliamentary and not representative. Time has tended to prove that some wheel is lacking, or is defective, in the ideal machinery. However, it has been proved, at the same time, that when men have guided the nation well and have honestly applied the precepts of the law, human rights have been respected and the constitution has been efficacious.

The constituents have seen with satisfaction that their work was good: that it guaranteed to citizens the possession of their liberty, obtained by so much sacrifice, after a century of strife.

HAVING examined the terms in which our fundamental charter provides for freedom of thought, let us see what are the legal precepts on the subject.

There has been much talk about the arbitrariness of the system adopted in Cuba for the trial of what are called "offenses of the press." Some years ago a representative, a journalist, obtained from the chambers the derogation of the press law that had been bestowed upon us by the captains-general of the colony. It was a grave mistake that the lawmaker should leave the life of journalism and the dissemination of thought without adequate legislation. Under the old law, which some of the governors of the colony did not respect at times, the journalists found themselves slightly protected. Certain usages and certain precepts upheld them and surrendered them with some consideration. With the suppression of the law, the vacuum becomes absolute. There is freedom; but there is lack of regulation. The congress ought to determine, and it ought not to leave the interpretation of, or the failure to comply with, article XXV of the constitution to representatives of the executive, often opponents of the journalists or journal accused and on trial.

There are two methods of judging offenses of the press: correctional and instructional. To the former has been applied a military order dictated by the first North American interventionists; to the latter have been applied the precepts of the penal code for the punishment of defamation, calumny and seditious publications.

The course of a correctional judgment is always the same: an article is denounced; the police go to the editorial office of the journal and take possession of the manuscript and the existing copies of the date on which the article was published; the author of the article or the director of the journal is summoned to appear the following day before the correctional judge of the district. If the president of the republic is the plaintiff, it is the custom to give instruction to the prosecuting attorney to ask for such and such a punishment, which in many cases is imprisonment. The accused person enters his pleas, he himself or through an attorney; and, after he has been heard, the judge pronounces sentence, almost always condemnatory, for the correctional judges have let few go free. As there is no appeal from their decisions, and as the only person that has the right to change a prison sentence of this kind for a fine is the president—because he is competent to grant or to deny a remission of sentence—the journalist lands in prison, treated sometimes without due consideration, and only through favor does he obtain permission to receive visitors and to continue to publish his writings.

The defect of the instructional process, from the point of view of the accusers, when they are rulers, is that the offense is not punished with the rapidity and effectiveness demanded by the passions and necessities of the moment. The accused may defend himself better, and in many cases with success, or he may succeed in having the punishment made light. The suit is tried in this case by an instructional judge, and it is decided by a court composed of magistrates less open to suggestions than the correctional judge, and the sentence is condemnatory only when the offense really exists.

In newspapers given to national agita-

tion and disturbance, intensified by political passions and when the respect that normally exists for the persons and interests of others is relaxed, it has been decided on several occasions to order the suspension of certain publications and the imprisonment of their editors, without the prerequisite of denouncement and hearing. The circulation of copies of them through the mail is stopped and their sale on the street is prevented. The appearance of a daily being thus suspended and its establishment being closed, a number of journalists and employees and their respective families are left without work and almost in poverty. No one pays later the damages that the enterprise may have sustained and for the sad days of discomfort that those who live by it have endured. The process, as may be seen, is violent, open to error and entirely lacking in guaranties for the press.

AFTER coldly examining the multitude of ills that disturb Cuba—if it be possible for coldness to exist in a Cuban that contemplates the evils of his land and finds himself powerless to remedy them—it must be recognized that not all the guilt lies with the main directors of the nation, that is, with the men that form the executive department and the group that surrounds them. It is just to recognize and proclaim it. The congress, by omission and commission, is also to blame. Our legislators, both the former ones—those that originated with the revolution—and those of the present time, have failed to do, have let be done and have contributed to doing, everything in the republic, and the government of the republic has been confided to the good judgment and discretion of a citizen elevated to the presidency, who has always been, up to the present time, a founder of the patria, one who struggled militarily and civilly for the freedom and the rights of man.

The congress, when it derogated the colonial press law, ought not to have permitted a man of ideas to be taken before a correctional judge, thrust in among criminals, of the lowest moral condition, and measured by the same yardstick of a justice that was unconstitutional because it was arbitrary and absurd. Legislators ought to determine the process and fix the limits for the prosecution of press offenses. Above all, they ought to say, in an express and definite manner, that article XXV of the constitution is inapplicable, inasmuch as it does not figure among the articles which, because of the cases provided for in article XL, may be suspended on certain occasions. In drawing up the law of public order, which forms a part of the fundamental code, and with which they have not concerned themselves hitherto, they had a magnificent opportunity to make that important declaration for the better guaranty of freedom of utterance.

In our congress there have been commendatory attempts; there have been men of worth and there are such at present. Valuable bills and competent men have, nevertheless, been overlooked or mocked. By heeding the former and by respecting the latter, sufficient moral authority would have been given to legislative authority to offset the excesses of the other authorities. The stimulus would have enabled the talented members of the congress to present the regulations necessary and indispensable to the application of the constitutional charter. The free expression of thought would thus have been duly guaranteed, and writers and public speakers would not find themselves under the everlasting menace of being dragged before an irresponsible correctional judge whose sentence would be inappealable.

The problem of jurisdiction being solved and the journalist being given assurance that his pleas would be heard and his rights respected, they would unquestionably put an end to the extension of parliamentary immunity to the press in the person of a newspaper director, and of official reprisals upon publications, which find their solution in the unjustifiable punishment of innocent editors and their employees. This would give the journalist both responsibilities and guaranties, correlative things, since, if it be not just to demand of a man that he be handed over without defense into the hands of his accusers, he may, in turn, be obliged to appear before the regular judges and tribunals, the

representatives of justice whose errors are susceptible of reparation. It would not be possible then for a journal to take refuge, as occurs at present, in some legislator's permit, often lent for the occasion.

Right? Liberty? They are abstractions, of the kind on which people live. For them the people have always fought, overthrown tyrannies, founded kingdoms and republics, altered the time-honored organization of societies and even committed crimes. They are, however, abstractions that legislators and statesmen would do well to consider as the goals of their activity, that citizens may respect them, and, with them, the statesmen and legislators themselves.

POEMS OF THE MOTHER

BY

GABRIELA MISTRAL

Essential poetry, although, even in the Spanish original, it lacks the form of verse, in which the author causes one that is about to become a mother to reveal her mind and her heart.—THE EDITOR.

I

HE HAS KISSED ME

HE HAS kissed me deeply, and now I am another; another, because of the beat that duplicates the beat of my veins; another, because of the breath that I feel within my breath.

My womb is noble now like my heart; nobler than my heart . . . I even find in my breath an exhalation of flowers; all because of what reposes softly in my vitals, like the dew on the grass!

II

HOW WILL HE BE?

HOW will he be? I have looked long at the petals of a rose, and I felt of them with delight. I could wish such softness for his cheeks. I have been playing in a thicket of brambles, because I should like his hair so, dark and wavy; but it will not matter whether it be brown, with that rich color of the ruddy clay beloved of potters, and whether his straight hair be simple as my life.

I look at the ravines of the sierras when they are filling with mist, and I make of the mist the silhouette of a girl, of a very sweet girl, who it might also be.

Yet through it all, I wish the coming one to gaze with the sweetness *he* has in his look, to have a slight tremor in the voice, in speaking to me; for in the one that is to come I would go on loving the one that kissed me deeply.

III

WISDOM

NOW I know why I have received twenty summers of light upon me and why it has been given me to pluck the flowers of the fields. "Why," I said to myself on the days of greatest beauty, "this marvelous gift of the warm sun and the fresh grass?"

As if through the bunches of azure tinted grapes, the light passed through me because the sweetness it would bestow. This that is in depth of me is being formed, drop by drop, from my veins; it was my wine and my honey.

For it I prayed, that the name of God might penetrate my clay and thus the one that is to be; and when I read a verse with a tremulous pulse, the beauty of it burned me like an ember for the unborn, that it might draw from my flesh its inextinguishable ardor.

IV

THE SWEETNESS

BECAUSE of the sleeping child that I bear about, my step has become stealthy, and all my heart has been religious since I have held the mystery within me. My voice is softened as by a mute of love, and it is because I fear I may awaken him.

With mine eyes I now seek in countenances the pain deep within, that others may behold and comprehend the reason of my pallid cheeks.

I stir with a *fear of tenderness* the grass where quails nest; and I go about the country silently, cautiously, for now I think trees and things have sleeping children over which they bend in watchfulness.

V

THE SISTER

I SAW a woman opening a furrow. Her hips were swollen out, like mine, by love, and she worked stooping low over the ground.

I put my arms about her waist and I brought her home with me. She shall drink rich milk from my glass and enjoy the shade of my corridors; for she is burdened with the burden of love; and if my bosom be not generous, my son's lips will find their way to her abundant one.

VI

THE ENTREATY

BUT no! How can God leave the yolk of my bosom lean, if he himself broadened my waist? I feel my breast growing, rising like the water of a pool, silently; and its fulness casts broad a shadow, as of promise, upon my womb.

Who in the valley would be poorer than I, if my bosom should be dry?

Like the vessels that the women set out to gather the dew at night, do I place my bosom before God; I give him a new name; I call him *The Replenisher*, and of him I beseech for it the liquor of life.

Come up, all the love of my heart, to enrich my bosom, for the one that is to come seeking it thirstily!

VII

SENSITIVE PLANT

I NO longer play in the meadows, and I fear to swing with the girls. I am now like a branch laden with fruit. I am weak, so weak that the odor of roses made me faint this noon, when I went down into the garden.

And the simple song that comes on the wind, or the drop of blood that the even contains in its last shimmer against the sky, disturbs me, fills me with pain. Of a mere glance of my master's, if he were harsh with me this night, I could die.

VIII

THE ENDLESS PAIN

I TURN pale if he suffers within me; I go about in pain from the hidden pressure of him, and I could die from a single movement of this that is in me and that I do not see.

But think not that it will go through me and be inwrought with my vitals only while I am waiting for it. When I go free along the roads, although he be far away, the wind that beats on him will chafe my flesh, and his cry will pass through my throat also, for always my grief and my joy will begin in thy face, my son!

IX

QUIETUDE

I CAN no longer go forth upon the roads; I am ashamed of my broad waist and of the deep hollows under my eyes. But bring me here, place here beside me, pots of flowers, and play the zither long, since I wish for his sake to flood myself with beauty.

I place roses above my womb; I repeat eternal stanzas over him that sleeps. In the corridor I absorb, hour after hour, the acrid rays of the sun. Like the fruit, I must distil honey, but toward my vitals. May the light color and lave my blood. Also, to lave it, I do not hate, I do not murmur; I love, I only love! For I am fashioning in this silence, in this quietude, a body, a marvelous body, with veins and face, and look and purified heart.

X

THE IMAGE OF THE EARTH

I HAD never seen before the true image of the earth. The earth has the look of a woman with a child in her arms, with its creatures (beings and products) in her broad arms.

I am learning about the maternal sense of all things. The mountain that looks down on me is also a mother, and in the afternoon the mist plays like a child about its shoulders and its knees. . . .

I remember now a ravine in the valley. Along its deep bed went singing a current, which the brambles still rendered invisible. I am like the ravine; I feel singing in my depths this tiny brook, and I have given it my flesh for a sheltering bramble until it comes up toward the light.

XI

WORDS TO THE HUSBAND

HUSBAND, do not embrace me. Thou didst make him rise from the depths of my being like a lily from the waters. Let me be like a pool in repose.

Love me, love me now a little more. I—so small!—shall duplicate thee upon the highways. I—so poor!—shall give thee other hands, other lips, with which to rejoice the world. I—so tender—shall rend myself, like a flask, for love's sake, that this wine of life may be poured out from me.

Pardon me! I am slow of pace, slow to serve thy cup; but thou didst enlarge me thus, and thou didst bestow upon me this strangeness with which I move amid things.

Be more than ever sweet to me. Do not stir my blood with longings; do not agitate my breath.

Now I am but a veil; all my body is but a veil under which a child is sleeping!

XII

THE MOTHER

MY MOTHER came to see me; she was seated here at my side; and, for the first time in our life, we were sisters, speaking of the tremendous event.

She felt my womb tremblingly; and delicately she bared my bosom. At the touch of her hands, it seemed to me that my vitals opened with the softness of leaves, and that a milky wave rose to my breast.

Blushing, filled with confusion, I told her of my pains and of the fear of my flesh; I fell upon her bosom; I became a little girl again, sobbing in her arms for terror of life.

XIII

DAWN

ALL night I have suffered; all night my flesh has longed to deliver up its gift. The sweat of death is on my temples; but it is not death, it is life!

Lord, I now call thee Infinite Sweetness, that thou mayest disentangle him softly from the net of my vitals!

Be born now, and let my cry of anguish rise at dawn, mingled with the song of the birds.

XIV

THE SACRED LAW

THEY say that life has ebbed low in my body; that my veins run like winepresses; but I feel the relief of my bosom, after a great sigh.

"Who am I," I say to myself, "to have a son on my knees?" And I myself reply: "One that loved, and whose love besought, as she received the kiss, eternity."

May the earth behold me with this son in my arms, and bless me; for now am I fruitful and sacred, like its palms and its furrows!

MODERN SPANISH LITERATURE IN PUERTO RICO

BY

S. DALMAU CANET

Although Puerto Rico has, in a sense, formed a part of the United States for more than twenty years, and although our successive national administrations have devoted themselves with energy and greater or less discernment and discretion to the diffusion of popular education in that island, few of our people are aware that there existed and still exists there an independent and vigorous intellectual life, with Spanish as the vehicle of literary expression. The following article will therefore not only interest all readers, but it will also occasion surprise to many, since the author, in discussing the modern and contemporary literary life of Puerto Rico, calls attention to very creditable achievements, while, at the same time, supplying valuable bibliographical material.—THE EDITOR.

I

EPIC AND LYRIC POETRY

OF ALL the poets of Puerto Rico, Gautier and Álvarez are those that best incarnated the regional sentiment. They could make one feel, they could make one love, the piece of ground where they first saw the light of day.

As one reads their poems, he realizes immediately that both were gifted with particular qualities and aptitudes for expressing in verse sublime conceptions of the patria, the great sweetness of the home, the ineffable blessing of love.

The nostalgia that floats like a cloud in the poetry of these singers is not, indeed, a fancied sentiment; it is not a mannerism of character; it is, rather, a profound sensation of the spirit, one that we might call sensibility of the soul.

Only study the life of each of them.

Gautier Benítez saw his enthusiasms go down in the wreck of an overwhelming reality.

Álvarez, reclining in the solitude of Manatí, could know but little the delights of contemporary life through the books he read from day to day. Chained year after year to the hard anvil of poverty, they found recreation—since they could do no more—in putting their imagination to work, and they transported themselves to foreign countries, like those painted by Zorrilla in his poem *Granada;* but when they awoke from their dreams, they found themselves on an island almost desert in respect of art, bound for ever to an arid rock in a solitary sea.

The poems of these two bards contain much of the American poetic flavor and much of the creole poetic flavor.

The most genuinely Puerto Rican poet, the one that best synthesized the worship of the patria, was Gautier Benítez.

It is true that Caribe, Brau and Muñoz Rivera have devoted brilliant stanzas to Borinquén,[1] but in our opinion no one has sung it like Gautier Benítez. *Puerto Rico* is a song of love, tenderness, affection: an irradiation of the soul, as it were; it is a spontaneous sentiment of the heart that wells up in throbs of splendid lyricism, to the glow of a sensitive temperament.

Gautier Benítez was a supremely tender poet.

He returned from the Spanish peninsula imagining that in his country he would occupy the position of which he was worthy by his talent, but it was not so, unfortunately.

He found disdain and contempt. He could not live by his pen. He sought refuge in commerce, in which he secured employment.

Figures and the prosaic life of business ran counter to the ideals of his mind. Sated with living in the world of metaphysical abstractions, his muse exhausted by the disease that was undermining his

[1]The ancient name of the island of Puerto Rico.—THE EDITOR.

organism, he paid tribute to death at a very early age.

Francisco Álvarez was another that suffered disillusionment.

Read any of his poems, and you will see that melancholy is strongly emphasized in all of them; but, just as Gautier Benítez was sweet, pure and tender, Álvarez was bitter and self-centered, always seeking, but never finding, the dreamed-of felicity.

I do not mean thus to imply that Álvarez represents in Latin-American literature what another Álvarez represented in the Spanish literature of beyond the sea. Francisco Álvarez was religious.

His great composition *América* is the product of an inspiration full of unction and faith, both when he prophesies the destiny of the New World and when he chants dirges to the worship of the patria, of which he made a true religion, like his contemporary Marín.

In many of his poems may be noted traces of Núñez de Arce. Like the Toledan singer, he mocks, in admirable sonnets of depth and form, that pseudo science which systematically denies what will never be understood.

Álvarez did not doubt the existence of God; he did not doubt the destiny of the creature; and in this respect he was a true spiritualist.

He could have been, and he was not.

Able to fly like the eagle, he contented himself with being a new Prometheus, chained to the rock, suffering all the pangs of bitternesses.

THE epico-heroic poem turns, according to the preceptists, on subjects of less transcendence than the epic, and therefore it differs somewhat from the latter. This idea is erroneous.

The epic's quality of universality springs from nothing else than a greater ideal comprehension of the subject. The Trojan war, for example, might have been the subject of a series of lyric poems or of a dramatic poem, the same as of an epic. It does not therefore acquire universality as an epic merely because the subject is of interest to humanity.

What was Troy? Simply an Hellenic city. Besides the Greeks, that almost fantastic war concerned no one. The clairvoyance that characterizes the *Iliad* does not spring, either, from the epic character of the poem, but from the human, the transcendent, manner in which the divine Homer treated the subject.

A convincing proof that absolute and essential universality is not necessarily inherent in the epic poem is to be found in the fact that *Farsalia* has not attained in our times the renown that is enjoyed in universal literary history by the *Iliad*, because assuredly the poem of Homer is more human than the work of the Cordoban poet.

The epico-heroic poem is more cultivated, if you will, than the epic. It contains all the grandeurs of literature, but it is not, as a literary instrument, of a popular character. On the other hand, lyric poetry, which has deep roots in all societies, since it is the kind most employed by almost all poets, is universally popular.

The same is true in prose. The figures of Juliet, Héloïse, Atala and a hundred others are eternal themes, because in their very lyricism they seem to possess something that belongs to all hearts.

IN THE Spanish literature of Puerto Rico appears the personality of an epic poet of great stature, not wholly appreciated by those on whom rests the obligation to uphold the sacred flame of poetry.

I am speaking of Alejandro Tapia, the illustrious poet, the great poet, of *La sataniada*. Tapia's was, according to the well informed, a valiant, impetuous temperament, with a culture so extensive that no other poet has hitherto excelled him.

Tapia's poetry suffers, however, from an excessive coldness, a coldness that in our opinion was due to his too rigid attachment to rules and his passion for the precepts of Hegel, of whose school he was an ardent partizan, as is shown by his *Lecciones de literatura*, pronounced in the Ateneo de Puerto Rico, also unfortunately forgotten by our young men of letters. Tapia cultivated lyric poetry, but, as his talent was developed in Puerto Rico, it is needless to say that his genius encountered the iciness of indifference, the contempt that is enter-

tained here for all men that shine in the field of literature. Tapida, in another environment, surrounded by a wholesome atmosphere of less baseness and less mockery of intellectual prestige, would assuredly have produced much more than was to be expected under the circumstances.

The energy of his spirit for great conceptions led him to base his poetic work on the Hegelian doctrine.

His poem *La sataniada* is purely spiritual. The part played in the whole work by the marvelous originated unquestionably with the Christian element, the last evolution of the positive religions.

In his poem, Tapia always caused the psychological knowledge of being to predominate: he substituted it for the marvelous, as may be observed in Quinet's *Prométhée*.

It is also indisputable, as his critics have pointed out, that *La sataniada* is a metaphysical poem, as the *Ramayana* is a theological poem, the *Iliad*, an anthropomorphic poem and the *Divina commedia*, an harmonic poem.

The Hegelianism of the illustrious Puerto Rican is neither that of the extreme left, which has been infected by the transformism of Darwin; nor that of the extreme right, which has come to think of a new religion, a kind of theology, of science. Tapia's Hegelianism is, as I have already said, eminently Christian.

In the general plan of *La sataniada* is to be noted, according to Menéndez y Pelayo, the influence of Victor Hugo.

Only that *La légende des siècles*, from the standpoint of philosophy, is somewhat diffuse, while in *La sataniada*, the metaphysical depth is clear, diaphanous. On the other hand, the versification of Hugo is superb, arrogant, with a biblical amplitude, while that of Tapia is only fair. How then is the importance of the poem to be explained?

In our century, three great forces are at war: science, theology, metaphysics. A poem that personifies this strife is, without doubt, a great poem; and *La sataniada* serves this purpose admirably.

In the depths of the poem stirs a Satanism of the first water, if we may so express ourselves.

His Satan, assuredly, is not the Satan of theology, but neither is he evil. His Satan is a being that suffers horribly, because he has fallen from the heights.

His Satan is humanity. Read the finale of one of his stanzas; there you will find this somber verse:

> O thou creature of deep sorrow, thou art my brother!

Humanity weeps, moans, suffers; Satan suffers, moans, weeps.

The fellowship of sorrow is therefore what the great poet wished to portray in his verse.

Tapia did not hate Satan, nor did he love him to the extent of deifying him; no: he found in the genius of evil the personification of sorrow, and he sang him. Through the pages of *La sataniada* move in unison the great personages of history: he associates Hypatia with Christ, thus establishing the conciliatory character of his beautiful and grandiloquent poem. The sweet religion of the Crucified is sung ardently, in the same way as are sung the longings of democracy, the sacred struggle of free thought, the great revindications of the human spirit. Do you not see humanity here?

Do you not see externalized the immense sorrow of Satan, the immense sorrow of the suffering creature?

The pages of *La sataniada* are reflections of life on the march toward a better future. Tears and blood are found mingled in a glow of soft light, refulgent clarities, the murmur of caresses and kisses.

The poet believes in human redemption, in that redemption of the spirit which will be effected unitedly by theology, metaphysics and science. *La sataniada* is the most transcendent work of Spanish literature in Puerto Rico, in the domain of poetry. Nothing that equals it has been written in prose.

Tapia was an epic, lyric and dramatic poet; a novelist and a critic. His literary work was worth that of a whole generation: he attacked all human knowledge; he studied all the manifestations of art. He was born in these tropical lands; he was educated in southern countries like Spain; he passed a part of his youth in Madrid

and Andalucía; he was a merchant and a public employee.

His whole life glided along under a sky, fashioned by himself, of light and color. As an epic poet, he was correct; in lyrics, sensitive, tender; in the drama, he showed inspiration, but with no great enthusiasm.

He was the only critic that Puerto Rico has had, and probably he will be her last. His *Lecciones de estética y literatura* reveals strength of intelligence and refinement of taste.

His work still lives.

When we measure his literary work and compare it with that of other writers and poets, we see how small are those that are considered immortal.

II

DRAMA

MANY are the persons that affirm that we have no regional drama; that as a marvel, we live intellectually, and that all the efforts of our dramatic literature have proved to be of slight value. This they say, this they proclaim; and they entertain a further opinion: that regional drama is yet to be cultivated in Puerto Rico.

It is sad enough that the recollection of the serious efforts made in the period from 1870 to 1880 to foster the dramatic art among us should have been lost. They were great and productive. What occurred, unfortunately, was that writers of dramas did not find the raw material: native talent ready to act the plays.

Vocation for the stage was hardly developed at the time, and it is only now beginning, and this was one of the principal causes that discouraged the authors of other years and that oblige those of to-day to abandon the idea of writing for the stage. It was to no purpose that Tapia y Rivera, Brau, Sama, Marín, Corchado, Ferrer and many others shone in dramatic literature, and that a pair of enamoured young people, aflame with love and vocation for art, as were the Astol Busatti couple, and, later, the prodigious Estela Mangual, struggled to exalt the stage.

Behind them, with one or two exceptions, there was no one. The same thing occurs to-day. If we pass over the striking perseverance to be observed in the Roigs, husband and wife, who are anxious to contribute to the elevation of our scenic literature, we have no actors, in the true sense of the word. Dramatic talent dies or languishes where it does not find an environment propitious to its development. It must be recognized that no such exists or has existed here; therefore let the lovers of Terpsichore that are responsible be blamed for the fact that dramatic authors languish in the midst of glacial indifference and a profound disdain for all that bears the native stamp.

Strugglers, thinkers and artists like the felicitous cultivators already mentioned—Roselló y Guzmán, Berenguer, Derkes, Limón de Arce, Méndez Quiñones, Escalona, Ponce de León, Corchado, María B. Benítez and Carmen Hernández, each in his or her own realm, hung up their lyres in the presence of a public that accepted rubbish from abroad as good, and repudiated gold of first quality drawn from the native soil, as if it bore the stigma of a curse.

Tapia y Rivera and Brau, the two mighty columns of our regional drama, although they sought on many occasions universal historical arguments for their dramas, were not comprehended.

There run through the productions of each of them flashes of great, vigorous inspirations, the outstanding traits of great poets not enamoured of the modernism that prevails to-day, but of that national drama that sprang from our Calderón, Lope, Tirso and Moreto, a literature that had all humanity for a temple and that sang in stanzas of marvelous rimes the most stupendous deeds of the history of the patria.

The regional theater lives in us and through us; it sprang up clean and pure; it triumphed on our stage; and, shamed by the neglect with which it was beheld by its own children, it hastened to take refuge in lyric poetry.

Hence the development it assumed in its various manifestations, and hence the multitude of poets that have persecuted us.

They have had no clearly defined route, no fixed ideal. The direction taken by literature would have been very different, if the

cultivators of yesterday and to-day had found a life of their own and stimulus in the public of their country.

That there existed a strong movement in dramatic literature in the years from 1870 to 1880 is beyond doubt, and that from then until to-day this intellectual movement has not been equaled may be seen by any one that makes a brief survey of the theatrical works that were published.

It is clear that in this inventory we do not attempt to enumerate any except the publications which, because of their character and tendencies, have merited the honor of criticism and which to-day, because of an incomprehensible neglect, are known and appreciated only by the true lovers of national literature.

The production of Alejandro Tapia y Rivera, the inspirer of our dramatology, dates from 1856, with *Roberto d'Evreux.*

This drama gained for the author a conscientious critical study from our forgotten master, don José Julián Acosta.[2] Then Tapia gave to the theater *Bernardo de Palissy,* in 1857; *La cuarterona,* in 1867; *Camoens,* in 1868; *Hero,* 1869; and *Vasco Núñez de Balboa,* in 1872; and he did not produce anything more for the theater until 1880, when appeared *La parte del León.*

Contemporaries of Tapia were doña maría Bibiana Benítez, author of the drama *La cruz del morro,* a play in two acts, based on the episode in the history of Puerto Rico, in the year 1625, in which the Dutch took the fort; and doña Carmen Hernández, a very celebrated poet, who published *Deudos rivales,* in 1863, and *Hacer bien al enemigo,* in 1866. It was necessary that twenty-six years should pass before this worthy and virile intelligence could crowd the theater with her well conceived drama *Amor ideal,* published in 1886.

In the decade that we are recalling, although summarily, excelled each in his own realm, four authors, who have nothing to envy of foreign authors; and it is evident that, as I say this, the names of Brau, Sama, Ramón Marín and Corchado naturally come to our minds.

Brau enriched the stage with his work of intense culture. His dramas, always interesting, betoken a solid intelligence, a poet of great ability and a dramatist of rare parts, for no one has yet succeeded in surpassing him, whether in respect of impeccable mastery of verse or of daring in the themes he was able to discern in history, with all the greatness of a skilful and thoroughgoing historian. *Héroe y mártir,* in 1871; *De la superficie al fondo,* in 1874; *La vuelta al hogar;* and *Los horrores del triuufo* are sufficient, yes, more than sufficient, to induce us to admire his talent.

After Brau, comes the serene figure of Manuel María Sama, the poet that recalls our Batilo, with his admirable *Inocente y culpable,* 1877; and *La víctima de su falta,* 1878, both dramas in three acts and in verse.

The bibliophile must proceed with much caution in reading *Inocente y culpable.* Sama published his work in Madrid, on the press of José Sol Torrens and Diego García Navarro. He did not correct the proofs. Mistakes in construction, as well as grammatical inaccuracies, some of them censurable, are to observed in this comedy. Sama evaded responsibility by adding a list of errata.

Ramón Marín began his career as a journalist. Being successful on many occasions, he devoted himself to writing for the stage. As the results of his labors, we have *El hijo del amor,* a three act comedy in verse, 1877, first played at "La Perla," a theater in Ponce. The success of this play was extraordinary.

In 1880, eminence was attained by Manuel Corchado, Campeche's biographer, a combatant journalist, a very eloquent orator and a jurisconsult of great fame, who surprised and won enthusiasm by his *María Antonieta,* a drama in verse, first played in this capital, on the night of April 15 of that year.

The national stage, during the period to which we refer, was not lacking in mentors and poets of great worth; and what surprises most is not the productions, but the enthusiasm these men displayed in enriching literature amid a materialized society, absorbed in sugar-cane, coffee and other products, which, if they yielded fortunes in a few years, supplied not a cent for the culture of the people.

In spite of the unbridled materialism and the rigid theatrical censorship that was

[2] *Boletín Mercantil,* December, 1856.

being exercised, the seed, represented by some illustrious unknown, became fruitful, and the tree of Thalia grew, until, one by one, fell those blessed men that professed the doctrine—the sublime teaching!—that "man does not live by bread alone," but that he lives also by his intellectual sap, by his heroes and his martyrs, by his poets and by his writers.

Also excel, even if in the second rank, Felipe Janer Soler, the author of two very acceptable comedies—*Elección por gratitud*, 1879, and *El secreto de un padre*, 1880; Eleuterio Derkes, who responded from Guayama with his *Eugenio Lefébre o el triunfo del talento*, 1871; Carmen Roselló y Guzmán published in 1876 *Abnegación y sacrificio*, a prose comedy in two acts; and Ramón Méndez Quiñones gave to the stage *Un jíbaro* in 1878. Some of these authors and others, such as Gabriel Ferrer, Rafael F. Escalona, Leonardo A. Ponce de León, Jacinto Aquienza, Félix Navarro Almanza, Francisco Irizarri and Juan Morel Campos enriched literary annals with comedies and farces, after 1880.

Two illustrious men, José María Monge, author of the famous book, *Viaje por Italia*, and Luis Muñoz Rivera, an admirable constructor of verse, did not disdain the stage, and, using the occasion of the celebration of social events, they increased the catalogue of our works with interesting dialogues, the former, with *Los apuros del bachillerato*, and the latter, with *Las dos musas*, written the same year, for the opening of the Círculo de Recreo in Barranquitas, the charming home of the poet.

What was the depth of all the productions that we have just mentioned? Let us harken to a critic of the period, who said:

> The theatrical literature stirred the will, raised the drooping spirit, expressed a sorrowful disquietude, gave form to those shadows that darken society, in whose bosom pride, vanity, weaknesses and prejudices, as well as pure sentiment and tried virture, struggle and mingle with interminable effort. The literary work was viewed on the stage with genuine interest; the public being filled with enthusiasm, satisfaction and joy, when it was seen how, in spite of the great obstacles that restricted freedom of thought in these regions, Puerto Rican genius, ardent and gallant, without letting its wings be cramped and without surrendering to the difficulties that were encountered by the way, rose proudly, like a bird of the heavens, and directed its course toward the heights wherein shone refulgently the sun of the spirit, the inextinguishable center of light by which humanity is exalted and achieves its greatest and most daring victories.

MARÍA DEL ROSARIO

BY

MANUEL GÁLVEZ

A pathetic story of a pathetic and almost defenseless type, told by one of the leading Argentine men of letters of the day, who, besides writing on many other themes, has devoted himself especially to the development of several that relate to certain feminine types. It illustrates not only the psychology of the type, but also, and very markedly, that of the author.—THE EDITOR.

WHAT a vacation poor María del Rosario had that summer!

The teacher was shut up in her meager little room during the three months; and it was not on account of illness, either. Where was she to go? There was not a woman in Buenos Aires that she could call her friend. Of course she could poke about the streets down town . . . very diverting! What crowds of people and what multitudes of vehicles! They frightened and bewildered one. The automobiles filled one with fear, and also those men that looked at one with such eyes! . . . Those streets might be very amusing, but not for a poor little provincial.

Besides, it was almost impossible for her to go out. The reason was not far to seek.

There, in the house, they knew her and they treated her well. The board she paid was high, but, in short, they knew her there and they liked her. Certainly the mistress of the house was not attractive, and her two sisters bothered one a bit at times; but the poor woman had lost her husband and her daughters, and, naturally, some things were to be tolerated from her; for example, that she should occasionally insult one or remind one of one's lapse. At bottom, however, she was a good woman, just as her two sisters were good women. They seemed aggressive, discontented, tricky, but they were all right, the poor things. Some days—it made one laugh to recall it!—they were insufferable; they got out and out angry with one. If one ate little, they called one a princess, a delicate puss and other things and made one feel like laughing. If one ate with a good appetite, they said one was eating them out of house and home. Yet they were good at bottom, poor things! Besides, they had forgiven her. This was the essential thing. They were very angry at first, but they ended by pardoning her. Who knows whether they would have forgiven her elsewhere? The sum and substance of it was they had forgiven her, and when one is forgiven, one is content to put up with everything and be good. What more can be desired by one who has gone wrong, than to be pardoned?

Therefore María del Rosario lived as if she was tied to the house. Never, yes, never, had she gone out without saying where she was going; and always, of course, she had a definite object in view. How then was she to say to them: "I am going down town for a little walk!" This would be folly. They would distrust her. No, no; she had no right to do this. How imprudent such an act would be! Above everything, one must repay the confidence of those that have forgiven one. Hence she gave an account of everything at home: what she did at school, during the lesson period, and what she did not do; what she talked about with the other teachers. If she made the acquaintance of a man, she told about that also. If she read a book, she gave the substance of it. They were not going to imagine one would read a book that one ought not to read! The main thing was to have them see how one merited the confidence they reposed in her. Had they not forgiven her, perchance?

Only one thing the teacher did not reveal at home: her sorrows. It was impossible to tell about them. She would never dare to open her lips about them; nor had she any one else to listen to her. The señora and the two sisters were very

good; but who likes to hear about another's sorrows? Only she herself, who would be capable of listening to the story of all the world's sufferings, would care to do so. Besides, they might be angry and make fun of her, just as they got angry and became sarcastic two or three times when they saw tears in her eyes. Certainly, she was to blame; for no one ought to provoke anybody; but why shouldn't she weep when she thought of her poor little dead son? Naturally, she did not say a word, and she bore the anger and the sarcasms like the great sinner that she was.

Moreover, her sorrows sprang from her wrongdoing. So then, it was her place to suffer in silence. If she told them of her preoccupations, they might think that she did so for relief and comfort. Above all, to give vent to one's feelings, to speak of so grave a fault to such virtuous women, would be to offend them. Never would she reveal her sufferings to them. Had they not pardoned her once? What more then?

So it turned out that those holidays of the poor little teacher were not very diverting. She arose early, as always, and tidied up her tiny room. Now that she had nothing to do, she could stay in bed later; and often she would have found it pleasant to lounge a little; but, what if they should say afterward that she was a sleepyhead? It had already happened once—one morning when she had lingered, thinking about Baby, imagining him a big boy, six years old, in his sailor's suit, now become a little man. Then she set about helping to put the house to rights. She preferred to read, but the mistress of the house was such a worker that she could not bear to see her seated, doing nothing, and she bade her sweep, dust the furniture, do something. She also cooked at times. In the afternoon, she read, sewed and talked with the señora and her sisters. She retired pretty early at night, to take up the same life next day. Certainly, her life was dreary, but when one has something to think about, one is not bored so much. So she thought about Baby, and every day she spent a good while, a long while, looking at Baby's tiny clothes and freshening them up and putting them away again.

However, this life was going to end with the holidays. School was to open that very morning.

II

POOR María del Rosario had a history. It was the everlasting story, but she imagined that there were not in the world many histories like hers.

She was born in a summer resort, far away in the sierras of Córdoba. She had a stepmother. Her stepmother was not bad; but what a quick temper! Her father was good, although indifferent to her. In order not to have her around—María del Rosario thought it was in order to do her good—they sent her to Córdoba to study to be a teacher. She spent four years there, almost a recluse, at the home of some aunts of hers, who were very pious and did not permit her either diversions or friendships. There was so much sin in the world! When she finished her studies, she returned to the village, to await an appointment.

How lonely she was in the village! Her father paid hardly any attention to her; always surrounded, as he was, by other men, buried in politics. He had much to do, it seemed, and, of course, with so much to do, how was he going to think of her? Her stepmother had five children; no fewer than five children! A houseful of the most attractive children! She washed them, dressed them, taught them to read, took them to walk. Once a woman acquaintance told her that it was not her place to do such things. Who would do them then? The mother could not give much time to the youngsters. There were always *fiestas* in the hotel, and promenades, and she, since she was of a distinguished Córdoba family, was always invited. María del Rosario would have liked to go, if only for once, to one of the beautiful promenades. No one invited her, however, and besides, she had to busy herself with the children. So she resigned herself to listening to her stepmother tell about them. In the end it was all the same, for she imagined them just as they must have been. It was a little sad that they should not invite one, but what was she to do but resign herself?

The worst of it was that they thought her a sort of governess or servant. At first this made her laugh! Afterward it could not have been very pleasant for her. It was not that she despised servants, but if one is a lady, and, besides, a teacher, does it not seem improper that one should be treated like a servant?

So then: that was the scene of her story. There was a young man that she liked. He had such deep eyes! She needed to love and to be loved, and when one feels thus, one falls in love. Everything changed for her. She now ceased to be lonely. She spent the whole day in dialogue with him, that is, when she was not with him; for when she was with him, it was different. Then she did not and she could not speak. It was then that he spoke, and she listened and listened . . . and dreamed. Then came the sweetness of the first kiss. Is there anything better in the world than the first kiss? In spite of all the shame for letting one's self be kissed, how happy she was, how happy, O Lord! Then came many kisses, and the caresses began; and such caresses: they made her blush! . . She did not understand these caresses. He, however, seemed so happy! Besides, he convinced her that a woman shows her affection by permitting these caresses; and so it was, assuredly.

A week passed thus, when one afternoon . . . but why should these things be recalled? Why should we remember that she was weak, and that on that day she loved more than ever; that he kissed her madly; that the sierra was solitary; that spring had begun? How could one resist the one she adored? When one has a heart and feels pity, how can one refuse the entreaty that comes between kisses and caresses; that declares with tears that what he asks for is life itself, happiness, for him? Worst of all: how can one refuse when one is reproached with not loving enough; when one is accused of causing suffering? Above everything, weren't they going to be married, as he repeated that afternoon, and as they had often said?

Nevertheless, she would have triumphed, if she could have thought seriously of her mother, or of hell, or of her father, or of confession; but the truth is that she could not think of anything. Thoughts evaded her, and there only remained near her a man that she adored; and there were many kisses and a great inexplicable desire to be his, to give him all her soul and all her body, that their two beings might be one.

A few days later, he went to Buenos Aires. He was a boy that belonged to a rich family. He had come to the village for an outing, on a visit to a sister that was ill.

He promised to write to her, and he wrote to her twice. When no other letter came, Maria del Rosario felt that the world had become empty. Abandoned! And so soon, at the very moment when she first learned of her misfortune!

She suffered in silence, heroically, the horror of doubt, at first, and the certainty, less painful, later. She became still more humble. She worked, she obeyed, as never before. O Lord! why dost thou permit so pure a creature, merely because she has loved, to suffer so? Didst thou not give us love, and the senses? Why dost thou make some brazen and lying, and others ingenuous and ignorant of life?

María del Rosario was strong, however, with the strength that comes from much sorrow and the knowledge that her sin was very grave and that it ought to be punished by suffering. She told her father everything, begging him to forgive, without accusing the one she loved. Her father got very angry, but he was going to forgive her; and he would have done so, if her stepmother had not arrived at that moment. O God, how she screamed and insulted! Poor María del Rosario wept and she pleaded for forgiveness, kneeling as in a church, but there was no pardon for her. They thrust her out of the house; and that same night she set out for Buenos Aires. What did she expect to do in the great city? The poor girl saw two interminable rails, and, beyond, an unknown infinitude. From the station she went to the house of a friend, her only friend, a good girl that had died of tuberculosis in the village. She thought they would perhaps receive her well. They were such good people! The mother, a widow, and her two sisters received her affectionately; but

how could they have her there? The house was so small. . . . She said she would pay them; she desired only a tiny corner. They received her then; and poor María del Rosario remained there, happy in the poor happiness of having a roof and a bed.

She could not tell them that day of her condition. She wished to do so, but the words froze between her lips. The following day it was the same. She asked God for strength, since it was necessary to reveal her situation. Such good people must know everything. To keep silent seemed to her an act of disloyalty. It might be that they would not desire to put themselves in so compromising a position. Finally, on the third day, she spoke. The old maids, women about forty years old, wished to turn her out. How they raged! But they had hearts; and when one understands that one has sinned, one has nothing to do but to remain silent. The señora proposed that she pay them a little more, and then they became kind. She knew already that they were not bad!

How to live now? How hard it is to live, O Lord, for a poor girl all alone, in a great city, where she knows no one, and when she is in the way of becoming a mother! She gave some private lessons. Little by little, she sold all that she had brought with her: her books, her clothes. She did sewing for certain business houses.

In the meanwhile, she sought a position as a teacher. A deputy from her province, a friend of her father's, aided her. What a good señor. It was a pleasure to talk with him; he was so good! She liked him very much! . . . Once he delivered to her some money that her father sent her. He had gotten it, by writing to her father, he said. What a fine man he was, this good señor! Of course, when one encounters so much goodness, one tells all one's troubles. He counseled her like a father. He even hunted a house for her where she might be during her trouble. It is a pleasure to know that there are such good people in the world!

When María del Rosario returned to the house of the widow, after twenty days of absence, she was no longer the person she was before. She brought back with her a supplement to herself, a little bundle of humanity, white, swathed in baby-clothes, always fastened to her. A crying appendix! So the two—mother and son—formed throughout the day a group, ambulatory, singing and weeping. The señora of the house was affectionate toward the baby. She often touched his little face. Of course: he was so lovely! The sisters, however, did not look at him. They received her with a cold salute. Doubtless the presence of that baby offended them. She understood, and she withdrew, very sad, with tears in her eyes. She foresaw that life would be hard for the poor little thing. He was not to blame for his mother's wrongdoing, but there would always be people to despise him. Why dost thou permit, O Lord, thou, the creator of justice, that a poor little newborn child should be despised because of his mother?

She visited her protector with Baby. He, indeed, made much of him! Yet once, at nightfall, when she went alone to his office, to thank him for the appointment she had received that morning as a teacher, and which he had secured for her, something occurred; something very strange. Poor señor, who knows what was happening to him! The truth was that he invited her to dine with him, in a private dining-room. What a shock! It made one laugh to think of it! She could not understand: a señor like him, more than fifty years old, married, with grown-up children, to propose such a thing to a poor little creature like her, without any charm, ill dressed and that had just become a mother! Perhaps a bad moment, a weakness: poor señor! Because, although he spoke of dining, one isn't a fool and one knows that something evil has been proposed to one. She did not get angry; but it hurt her feelings! It made her sad! Her disillusionment was so great that, if it had not been for her little son, she would have wished to die. How sad life is, O Lord!

In the little school, she taught her class every forenoon. Baby was growing, becoming more and more lovely. The three women of the house were always good to her, and now they took care of Baby for her. They had fallen in love with him. As for herself, the sisters, with that dis-

position they had, were always nagging her roundly. It was impossible to stand up against them in anything. Therefore she ended by admitting that they were right in everything. If in the morning the sisters asserted that it was night, she recognized that it was so, that it was indeed night: everything for Baby, that they might not abandon him.

And thus the time passed: happily, happily! . . . One day in September, however—O Lord, it is terrible just to recall it!—Baby fell sick with scarlet fever. The whole universe was for her a little bundle of humanity, all spotted, fallen away, almost lifeless; and another day—the most terrible of all days!—the universe became darkened, disappeared. Why dost thou permit these sorrows, thou that art all joy, O Lord?

III

NOW the classes were going to begin, and María del Rosario set out for the little school, content, hopeful, with the habitual simplicity of her heart. It was so lovely to teach school! Like her, hundreds of girls, at the same hour and with the same-simple heart and the same hope, were traversing the gigantic city to teach little children in the schools. ¡Hard working girls, saintly and patient creatures! Among us, they are the best of the country. The triple treasure of humility, love and illusion belongs to them. For them, life is something serious. Their sentimental capacity and their inner life are not possessed by girls of the higher social classes. In them is possible this something, so rare and so beautiful, that is called the passion of love.

Off went María del Rosario through the street, with her hurried little walk. She tripped along, shrinking somewhat and as if trying to hide, which is the way that every modest being and those that have suffered are wont to go. She was short and well rounded. From childhood, she wore upon her lips a sorrowful expression, which had been accentuated by the death of her little child; but also it was as if there had been shed over all her face that expression of suffering: over her brow, which was pensive; over her eyes, celestial eyes and confiding, whose sweetness had been dampened with melancholy; over her cheeks, which tended to be drawn; there was something of the sufferer throughout all poor María del Rosario's little person.

She thought herself ugly, of little account. She was not pretty, it is true; but she was interesting. That sad smile was her charm; but she did not imagine how much it gave her character and personality. She had a passionate soul. Habitually tranquil and silent, she became excited sometimes in discussions. Then her face took on animation; her little head straightened up; her eyes seemed to awake from their lethargy; her form became erect. She had deeply rooted opinions, but she rarely disclosed them. She was wont to yield when she got into an argument: through kindness, in order not to offend. She assented vaguely, without being a traitor to her true opinion, and she held her head a little to one side. Melancholy accentuated somewhat the slight suggestion of a painful smile that played about her lips.

Perhaps because of this painful smile—poor María del Rosario!—they deemed her at home a make-believe. A make-believe, she, who was all sincerity! They did not comprehend her, nor did any one ever comprehend her; but what can one do when one is thus—silent, reserved, of little moment?

The principal gave her the first grade. What a happiness to have the little ones again! They were all charming—so pretty and lively! It made one laugh to hear them ask such funny questions! This happiness, however, was the source of pain: of course, on account of poor little Baby. It happened that she never thought of her little son as grown up, but always as at the age of six, at most: the age of all that bevy of little angels! In her dreams—what divine dreams of a poor little mother!—she saw him learning to read, playful, charming, become a little rowdy. So it was that in the school, throughout the many days that she had for remembering, it was a sorrow, a sorrow! . . . It even occurred to her—how mad one is at times!—that Baby came into the class room or that he was playing with the other youngsters during recess.

From the time of Baby's birth, she had decided that he looked like his father; yes, exactly like him! It seemed impossible that a new-born infant could be so much like a grown person. The perfect little nose, the round little eyes, the turn of the face: all was the same as in the case of the father, yes; so much so that it made one laugh. It was not because of her affection for the man—no!—that she found Baby was so much like him. It was true that she fell in love like a fool, and that she had belonged to him body and soul; but now she did not love him; she could not love him. A bit selfish, that boy! He did not even take the trouble to become acquainted with his little son. To her, it would have been enchanting to see Baby near him and to take turns with him in the kissings; or, if not, she would have left Baby to him. . . . She herself had time to kiss the little one when she had him by himself, and to play with him and to talk to him all day. If he had come, she would have forgiven him the wrong that he had done her. He was not bad, although he was, indeed, a little bit selfish. Could it be that all men had to be so, as she had heard so many times? At any rate, she would have forgiven him; but just to remain friends, nothing more. Let no one believe anything else. All that—Love—had gone out of her heart.

Thus would poor María del Rosario run on; but at the same time that she was imagining it, her heart became restless. She thought she was strong, and she was; but she did not know that love is stronger than all the strength of a good girl.

IV

ONE morning María del Rosario was teaching addition. Suddenly the numbers began to dance in her head. She did not know how many three and two made. She knew nothing. She had seated herself, because she could not remain standing. There, at the door, was the principal, cold and solemn, as always, with her solemn spectacles, as always, and her rigid face, as always, which appeared to be saying solemnly throughout the whole school: "One must do one's duty."

What was happening? It was that the principal was leading a boy, was bringing him into the class, and that this boy was María del Rosario's little one. She thought this when she saw him. Yet her little son was dead, absolutely dead. What then?

They were identical. The little fellow that had entered and that now occupied a seat in the first row of benches, was, neither more nor less, what María del Rosario imagined hers would be. Exactly so! The same little face, the same seriousness, the same great, shadowy eyes. The little boy that had entered was fair, like hers. There was only one difference: the clothing. María del Rosario always saw Baby well dressed and very clean, but this other one was, besides, very elegant. His parents must be persons of fortune; and she, María del Rosario, was poor. Therefore her imagination had fixed itself upon a modest little suit. The imagination of the poor is so: poor, like themselves. María del Rosario's imagination was also timid, like herself. That imagination would not have dared to think of such luxurious clothes.

María del Rosario went on with the lesson, but it was no longer a lesson. It was a succession of words and movements, both without order. The teacher passed from joy to sorrow, without apparent motive. All her being, her eyes, her senses, her soul, her heart, were there, in front of the little boy, beside the little boy, surrounding the little boy. If the youngster opened his eyes a little wider, if he uttered a word, if he made a movement with his hands, the teacher would laugh for joy or weep for joy. So beautiful was her Baby, the one that was there! Then she recalled that it was not her Baby; that hers was dead, completely dead; and then all this happiness was changed to deep sorrow.

When school closed, she took him aside. She remained alone with him, in the class room, while the other little pupils went into the patio. There she kissed him, precipitately for fear they would see her. She kissed him on his little eyes, on his fair, curly head, on his chubby little hands. He protested. He wished to go out to play.

She asked him his name. He, fretting, would not reply. The teacher insisted, and he, doubtless to get away, told his name: Lichito.

"Lichito? Lichito what? No; they call thee Lichito,[1] but that is not a name, my treasure. Thy name must be. . . ."

María del Rosario did not have the courage to pronounce that name: Baby's father, he that had misled her and he that she had loved so much, also bore this name. Could it be that his name was the name of that treasure that stood here, very angry, within the prison of her arms? Yes; the two had the same name, and they were like each other to an unbelievable degree; and what was worse, the two had the same surname. Lichito called it, squirming to escape and fleeing to the patio.

Poor María del Rosario dropped upon one of the children's desks. An enormous longing to weep was accumulating there within, in the depths of her soul. It rose, rose, rose. . . . Now, why this desire to weep? Had she not reason, rather, to be pleased? Because, in truth, to have this little fellow there beside her: was it not like having Baby? But whose son could this little boy be? The same name, the same surname as his! . . . Could it be his son, O Lord? How silly one is to concern one's self with things that ought not to matter, with things that do not affect the past! Yes; she was a fool for wishing to weep; but she did not weep, because she was strong; and, above all, because she saw beside her, in her imagination, the face, always cold and solemn, of the principal, with her solemn spectacles, with that rigid face that was given to ordaining solemnly in every corner of the school: "One must do one's duty, señorita." María del Rosario arose and went into the patio. There she saw Lichito, who was playing with the others. He seemed to be taking charge of the rest, leading them. She looked at him, and her smile was broader and sadder.

Leaning against the wall, she remained thus for an instant. A teacher that crossed the patio was astonished when she saw María del Rosario's attitude and expression. She seemed absent-minded. She seemed ill. She saluted her; but María del Rosario, distracted, did not respond.

V

LICHITO was six years old, and he was intelligent. He spoke French a little; and he was—and there is no denying it—inclined to frolic, even in the class; and he was lazy, very lazy. He seldom brought his exercises; and he was capricious also. What a trial, to work with these spoiled, these undisciplined children!

María del Rosario soon fathomed the enigma. Lichito was the son of a brother of *his*. He was also adopted by *him;* and he was so like him that he might pass for his own son. He was as much like him as Baby was; and Baby and Lichito were identical. Therefore the teacher loved Lichito as her son. All her tenderness, her sweetness, was for Lichito. Now, of course, one is a teacher and one ought not to show preferences. The face of the señorita principal is saying: "Do your duty, señorita." . . . María del Rosario knew all this. So, only secretly could she kiss Lichito and look at him to her heart's content. She waited with some pretext for them to come to take him, that she might go out at the same time. If the one that came should turn out to be a servant, María del Rosario would find some pretext to speak with her of Lichito and to kiss her favorite for a long time.

Lichito had come in April; and, as he was often absent from school and was a little loiterer, he was behind his schoolmates. What was she to do? She could not scold him. How was she going to scold her little son? She could not punish him. How was she going to punish Baby, who had been born again and was there now at school beside her? It is necessary not to have feelings, not to be a mother, in order to scold or to punish little children. One may be what she will, one may have erred gravely, but one has a little heart.

At the beginning, María del Rosario tried to teach him individually, a little while, but the principal, with her rigid and solemn face, her solemn spectacles and that expression that kept on saying through all the corners of the school, "Do

[1] A pet name, whimsically derived from Luis: the proper diminutive of Luis is Luisito.—THE EDITOR.

your duty, señorita," reproached her. The principal did not suspect her preference, but she remarked to her that she ought not to devote so much time to a single child. The class would fall behind; it would not keep up with the program.

Then the teacher thought of a punishment. A punishment for him, for Lichito, for the idolized Baby! Let no one conclude, however, that it was a serious punishment. No; for the love of God: a tiny punishment, a little bit of nothing. . . . Besides, he would not suffer. To imagine that she, Baby's mother, was going to cause Lichito to suffer! To think of such a misdeed would be not to know one. The punishment would consist in denying him his recreation, a recreation of ten minutes. Lichito would not suffer, because he was not very sensitive. The punishment would amount to very little with him as punishment; but, as the spirited little fellow was proud, as he had so much self-love, he would not like it. Then, perhaps, he would study and work a little more in order to avoid what he—but what a charming little fellow!—would consider a humiliation.

One day, as on so many other occasions, Lichito was missing; and he was missing the next day and the next. María del Rosario learned with terror that it was because of illness. Because of illness! The poor teacher no longer ate, no longer slept, and she could hardly teach. Her sad smile became deeper and broadened sadly. She stooped now more than ever when she walked. Could it be that the Lord was thinking of taking away that treasure, as he had taken away the other? Why, why, O Lord, dost thou take away from a poor little mother her joy, thou that art the eternal and perfect joy?

A week passed. María del Rosario wished to inquire of the house by telephone; but she did not dare. They might know that it was she, and then who knows what he would imagine, knowing it! So she continued with the same anxiety crushing her body, disfiguring her countenance, converting her smile into a sad grimace.

On a good day, however, three weeks after the first absence, Lichito appeared. It was as if all the good and beautiful things of the universe had returned from the abyss of darkness where they had been. Now all was an enchantment. The widow and the sisters, from being simply good, became saints; and the face of the principal, sweetened by sympathy, with the light of sacrifice on her spectacles, no longer imperatively commanded duty as formerly, but counseled it with benevolence: "Let us do what is possible to comply with our duty."

How beautiful Lichito was now! Also, now more than ever, he looked like Baby. He was the funniest child of the class and the prettiest and the merriest. This also, however: a little loiterer and inattentive as never before! It seemed that illness, the exaggerated pettings that unquestionably surrounded him during those weeks, had put him back as a pupil and had emphasized his disinclination for study. All this was inevitable, however, How could one keep from petting the greatest of all the treasures, and, especially, when he was ill? She would have done the same had she been his mother. What did it matter whether he lost the year as a result, or all the years? The thing was for him to get well, and for him to be happy and always so merry. . . . What did studies amount to in comparison with this? If the principal should only hear her!

María del Rosario discovered that Lichito had forgotten almost all that he had learned. He made mistakes in the simplest problems, and in reading he was a calamity. It was funny to see him muddled, half angry, without being able to solve the difficulty! She longed to devour him with kisses and send him off to play. Still, one is a teacher and she must cause all her pupils, even the most delightful and the best loved, to learn and be promoted. She could have covered him with kisses during the whole time of the class; but between her and the little fellow intervened a solid wall, made up of programs, rules and official instructions, orders of the directress, indications of the inspectors, an infinitude of texts and copy-books and duties. . . . A repugnant wall! What can one do against all this? Why, O Lord, thou that art the supreme simplicity, the supreme liberty and the supreme love, dost thou permit life

to be complicated by such rules and conventions that make it rigid, complex, false, slavish and robbed of all love.

VI

TWO days after Lichito returned to school, as he continued not to take any interest, not to work and not to wish to learn, María del Rosario resolved to resort to a means in whose efficacy she believed: to take away his recess.

There sat the little teacher, sorrowing, suffering, with a longing to weep, looking at her Lichito in the class room, while the other children were out at play! Then she repented with all her soul, yet not because she had violated the rules, but because she had punished her Lichito. The rules forbade a young child's being denied his recess, because recesses, as the principal said, had as an object "the resting of the childish minds." Could it be that she was injuring her Lichito's intelligence? With these preoccupations was mingled the fear that the principal would learn about it. She already beheld her appearing, with her face rigid and solemn, with her solemn spectacles, with her solemnity of every minute, and saying to her: "You have failed in your duty, señorita; you have failed greatly in your duty."

Thus passed for the poor teacher those ten minutes of recess: with the slowness of the centuries; with the slowness of all the instants of life that we live intensely; with the depth of eternal things. María del Rosario remained in the patio. She looked at the children playing and she thought of the other one shut up in the class room, and of that other one inclosed in a little coffin locked in the earth; and when María del Rosario became sadder, she entered the class room and kissed Lichito, who resisted furiously.

At length those ten minutes of anguish ended. She would never do it again, never again!

María del Rosario noted that same day that Lichito had been humiliated by the punishment—so proud was he, the little treasure! She observed also that some of his schoolmates laughed at him because he had been punished; but she did not prevent this laughter, which would be beneficial. So it turned out, in truth. Lichito denied at first that he had been punished. "It is a lie, it is a big lie," he cried with energy. María del Rosario looked on, smiling and happy. Distracted by the children, silly over Lichito, the teacher did not observe that that class was no longer a class, and that the principal might appear and say to her: "You have failed in your duty." Yet how could she think of anything else while listening to Lichito talk, while hearing him protest, seeing him furious, with his face stuck out, his eyes weeping with rage and his little hands threatening? When he rose from his desk and went at his little neighbor and cuffed him, turned into a demon, it made one laugh! What a fine little fellow, what a treasure of a mite! Why, O Lord, didst thou take away that other one, who some time, in another school and another class, might have gone at his little neighbor with the same comicality, with the same charming anger and the same childish fury?

VII

MARÍA DEL ROSARIO was happy, happy. Lichito now gave his attention to his class; he studied and even brought his exercises. How well the boy got along when he tried! He lacked little of catching up with his schoolmates. If he continued thus, he would be the first in the class: the same as Baby, for, if he had lived, what other child would have gone ahead of him?

María del Rosario's happiness was disturbed by nothing. It was true that the mistress of the house where she lived was serious with her. The señora was good, but she wished María del Rosario to work as she worked during the summer, in putting the rooms to rights, sweeping the patio and even cooking. She would do all this with pleasure, but when one has no time, what is one going to do? Attendance on the classes, correction of the exercises and studying used up the entire day. She could hardly get the few minutes necessary to arrange her little room and to look at those tiny clothes of Baby's: an occupation that was the greatest happiness of her daily life. The two old maids bothered her

somewhat. Since she had been happy, the two women had become unendurable. They were not able to overcome their dispositions, poor things. Of course, she did wrong to show her pleasure in their presence. She had angered them more than once. The truth was, however, that formerly, when she was sad, when Lichito was ill, for example, they shouted at her that her sadness—a stupid sadness, they said, and how exaggerated!—offended people. Therefore she had imagined that showing happiness, far from disturbing, would please; and now it seemed that this also was an offense.

The happiness of the poor teacher was not to last long, however. It was written that she was to be unfortunate, and what can an unhappy girl do by herself against the heartlessness of fate, without a soul near her to comprehend her, without anything in life to enjoy, or even about which to dream.

One morning, a few minutes before the class was to be dismissed, the señorita principal sent for her. She hastened, smiling tranquilly, with her smile of always, a little sad. The principal was seated in her office, rigid as always, solemn as always, with her immobile face and the solemn spectacles and that attitude of her entire person that seemed to keep on saying solemnly: "Do your duty, señorita."

Two gentlemen were conversing with the principal. One of them she knew: he was the inspector, a man now old and assuredly very good at bottom, but one that liked to seem severe and that worried the teachers with reproaches, counsels and exactions; the other . . . but he was identical with the one that had been her great joy at first and her great sorrow afterward, Baby's father, the dreamed-of one, the one for ever lost!

"The señor," said the señorita principal, with her emphatic and sour face, "is the father of a child whose recess you have denied him. Do you admit the correctness of the assertion?" María del Rosario stood like a child that imagines he sees a horrible ghost. She looked from one to the other, startled, trembling throughout, pallid.

"Answer, señorita," continued the principal. "Is it true?"

"Yes, señorita. . . ."

"But it was be . . ." she stammered, deeply disturbed.

"Are you aware that the minds of children need rest and that on this account the regulations very wisely, in accord with the progress of psychology and pedagogy, prohibit the teachers from denying children their recreation?"

The reply of the poor thing, of the saintly María del Rosario, was in her tearful eyes, in the painful inclination of her little head, in the quivering of her body; but no one saw it. Those two men and that woman saw only a culpable silence, the muteness of hypocrisy or of repentance.

"It is a very grave fault, señorita, that of which you have been guilty. You are suspended for a week."

"But, señorita. . . ." stammered the teacher, "if we all . . . do it. . . ."

No, no; she did not mean to say this. Her head was teeming with words that sought to come out, and they choked one another. The idea that all did it had been in her mind, but she had no thought of saying so. Why did that idea, and no other that she desired to express, come out? Why, at times, will one be so unhappy, so stupid? With good reason the señor inspector was so angry. Rightly did the señorita principal excuse herself to him by accusing María del Rosario, who was bringing discredit on the school. It was not wrong that her face should not wear its usual solemnity and that she should look at the criminal with eyes of fury. Even her spectacles seemed to shoot sparks of anger.

Poor María del Rosario was dumbfounded. She regarded herself as a criminal. That recess—O God of goodness!—weighed upon her simple conscience as a great crime. She continued to stand in front of her judges, mute, overwhelmed, suffering, without seeing anything but her great fault, without hearing anything but a word of reprobation, until the voice of the principal, imperative as an inappealable sentence, brought her from her immobility by ordering:

"Retire, señorita. That is enough."

VIII

HOW we are comforted in our sorrows by believing them the result of our own wrongdoing! We imagine—poor creatures!—that, not being at fault, we shall be able to alleviate the pain in the future. María del Rosario, blameless, would not have been able to move herself from there, in the face of her judges; but María del Rosario, guilty, was able to walk, although swayingly; she was able to reach the class room, to supervise the departure of the children, put on her hat and leave the school.

She had not seen him except dimly, as one sees things through the rain. She did not wish to look at him. She could not have brought her powerless eyes to fix themselves upon him?

Now poor María del Rosario was going through the street. More than ever she stooped, more than ever she clung to the wall as if to make herself a part of it.

All her little person was a great anguished smile. That ever-present smile, which had made her so attractive, so sad, so modest, of so little account, had ceased to be a smile in order to become a grimace. Grimace? Oh, the misery of the word! A grimace is something ugly, disagreeable, a distortion, a deformation of the features; and that which was on the face of María del Rosario was the beauty of sorrow, an exacerbation of suffering, a tragedy of the lips. All her anguished soul, all her crushed heart, all her flesh, torn also, flowed toward her lips and spread them in a poor smile.

Thus she went along the street of her bitterness. Weeping was threatening in her throat. She decided to take an automobile. How could she weep there in the street? Why show to others one's sufferings? None would understand; and if they understood, they might be offended. If one offended by being happy, how much more would one offend by being sad and by weeping?

She raised her head and looked into the street to summon a car. Then she saw the two men, who were walking in front of her: her judges. Doubtless she, who had been running almost, had overtaken them. She had a great longing to beg their pardon, to tell them that she adored Lichito, that it was not her breaking of the regulations that mattered, but their imagining that she did not love the little fellow: the love of her life, the treasure of her tenderness and her happiness. This was what she wished to do, but she lacked the courage. It made one angry to be so stupid, so timid!

The two men were talking about her.

"These teachers have a special capacity for making themselves disagreeable," said Lichito's father.

The other doubtless did not desire to approve this generalization, and, confining himself to María del Rosario's case, he affirmed:

"The trouble with this girl is that she must have taken a dislike to the child. . . ."

"One must be very wicked to do such a thing! A child so beautiful, so intelligent, so appealing. . . ."

"There are perverse women. . . ."

María del Rosario heard only the echo of the misery of these words. She was there within the automobile, with her head on one side, in ceaseless anguish. The little handkerchief that went back and forth across her eyes no longer had a single thread that was not soaked. Every little while, between a sob that was ending and another that was beginning, her lips reached out into the air to give a kiss. Whom was poor María del Rosario kissing? She was kissing that little boy that had made her suffer and that other one that left her solitary in life, causing her to suffer infinitely. Why, O Lord, is it that what makes us suffer is what we love during our poor life?

THE SAD REALITY

BY

ABRAHAM RAMÍREZ PEÑA

An allegory: it will appeal to the practical man, who disesteems poets; to the prohibitionist, as an argument against the use of intoxicants; to the real poet, who knows whence poetry comes; and to the pseudo poet, who will be sure that the moral applies to some one else.—THE EDITOR.

THE orgy has ended.

The clinking of glasses and the drinking of erotic healths have ceased.

The friends have withdrawn, and the poet is left alone. . . .

The room is in disorder: books and bottles, in painful confusion, lie on the floor; leaves of paper, scattered everywhere, display short lines, grease spots and stains and fragments of the food consumed. Upset and broken chairs tell the story of an interminable Bohemian life; and the poet, the magnate of that pigsty, is stupid with alcohol.

The liquor has begun its work.

Deep sleep lays hold of the poet's eyes, and, lulled by the vapors of the wine, he ceases to sing; the lyre falls, drops to the floor; the strings still vibrate, and they give out piteous sobs, which rise toward the infinite, like messengers of disaster! The poet grasps the neck of another empty bottle, tilts it, would extract from it the last drop, but he succeeds in doing nothing more than losing his equilibrium, and he falls to the floor, utters stertorous growls and drops asleep, still clutching the bottle. . . .

THE noise of leaves moved by the wind is heard.

The forest, hitherto silent, seems to smile.

The brook, which runs swiftly and murmurously, zigzags across the green carpet and wanders along, shedding the cadenced notes of a madrigal.

From out the density of the forest come the melodious trills of the Panic flute. Great Pegasus, who lends his back only to conduct poets to Olympus, rises proudly, bearing away the poet, lulled in the arms of the Three Graces.

That singular party crosses rivers, forests and seas, gains the heights, traverses the mountain where stands Parnassus, is lost amid the thick clouds, reaches the ethereal region, and, launching forth among the constellations, takes the Milky Way and approaches Olympus.

The Three Hours, whom Homer denominated "portresses of Olympus," open the heavy doors of the Apollonian chamber, and the Nine Muses, dressed in white garments, hasten to receive the anointed of the gods, who descends from Pegasus at the gate of Olympus.

Apollo, who, at the request of the poet, has granted him this interview, is seated on his throne of marble, awaiting his beloved disciple. Olympus is in gala attire. The great poets of all the ages, the wise men and the heroes attend the visit of the poet, who, with great arrogance, salutes Apollo reverently, casts a hurried glance at those that surround him, and, at a sign from the great pontiff of verse, begins to speak:

"Señor, it is my purpose to write a poem that shall surpass all the poems that have ever been written, and I come to beseech your honor's aid and the efficacious assistance of the Muses."

"Granted," said Apollo.

"There is still something to ask for," added the poet.

"Speak."

"I need that you shall indicate the theme for me."

"The infinite," ordained Apollo.

"To write that monumental work, much light is needed, much light,"

"The sun is at your disposal."

"A very large pen."

"We shall fuse in one the pens of Homer and Vergil, those of Anacreon and Saint John the Divine, those of the great philosophers and sages of antiquity; and if this be not enough, we shall make use of the pens of Hugo, Cervantes, Dante, Shakespeare and Heine, in Europe, and those of Nervo, Darío, Montalvo and Rodó, in America. What more dost thou ask?"

"Ink, much ink."

"I shall give thee the waters of the sea, blackened by the passions of men. What more?"

"Paper, much paper!"

"Thou mayest use the vault of heaven; thus the whole universe will be able to read thy poem."

THE poet, satisfied to have secured these marvelous concessions, felt himself to be great, very great, superior to all the great men that had ever lived upon the planet; and, giving a vast sigh . . . he awoke!

He had descended rapidly, swiftly, suddenly, from the regions of Olympus . . . and he found himself stretched upon the floor, in his pigsty, still grasping the empty bottle.

The sad reality!

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(*Continuation*)

Don Quijote and Sancho Panza continue their adventures in the United States, becoming involved in the mysteries prepared for them by Uncle Sam, as they set forth for the disenchantment of the fancied kingdom of Quivira.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIJOTE WENT FORTH TO DISENCHANT THE KINGDOM OF QUIVIRA AND OF THE MARVELS OF THE ENCHANTED WOOD, WITH OTHER HAPPENINGS THAT MAY NOT BE LEFT UNMENTIONED

NO SOONER had the sun shaken out through the wide spaces the abundant hair of his gilded tresses; and the many-colored birdies, leaping from bough to bough, saluted the dawn with the harmonious music of their lays and warblings; and the flocks, issuing from the folds, scattered from hill to hill and meadow to meadow; and the smoke of the chimneys, in graceful spirals, mounted upward to lose itself in the morning sky; and the honest laborers and modest workmen hastened solicitously to their daily labor to earn their bread, than don Quijote, armed from head to foot, mounted on Rocinante and followed by Sancho, and more joyous and pleased than on the occasion on which he crossed for the first time the country of Montiel, set out from the chalet that he imagined to be the first fort or castle of the enchanted kingdom of Quivira. Dames and maidens, hidalgos and commoners, as he considered all those people that had been trained to play their part in the ingenious farce prepared by Uncle Sam, surrounded our hero, with much ado, and entreated him with all earnestness, for the order of knight-errantry and for the señora Dulcinea del Toboso, to bring to a happy issue the new and most astounding adventure of his marvelous history by disenchanting through the strength of his invincible arm the oft mentioned kingdom of Quivira.

Don Quijote quieted them with a tranquil look; and, little pleased to hear the praises of his person that were chanted in so loud a voice by those that were present, he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: restrain the glowing terms with which you laud my person, for the adventure you beseech of me is about to begin, and, because I shall doubtless bring it to a conclusion, as is proper, there will be in it no other favor or service than that which is demanded of me, according to the laws of the knight-errantry that I follow."

Saying this, he took leave of the warden, who, prostrating himself, kissed his hands, with many inclinations of his head, and then immediately, with a calm air and gallant port, he set off at a half trot, accompanied by his squire and a richly dressed herald, who, as the *alcaide* said, was to serve him as a guide until he came to the narrow path that led to the enchanted kingdom; while the pretended servants of the castle were deeply stirred, raising their hands as if to call down blessings upon the daring young man.

The three horsemen went forward in silence, each of them occupied with his own thoughts: don Quijote's, merry; Sancho's, doleful; and the herald's, curious; and, after going a third of a Castilian league or so, they came to one of the roads called railways,which ran into a thick forest of stout cedars, graceful pines and gigantic poplars. When they reached it, the herald said, pointing to the straight line formed by the rails of polished steel:

"This is the fearful route that is to be followed by your greatness, señor don Quijote, in order to bring to an end and conclusion the terrible adventure that at this hour and moment you are pleased

to undertake. Demons and sorcerers, dragons and griffins, which guard this impenetrable forest, will put your ardor and daring to the test, and it will be a marvel if, in the first assaults, they do not get the better of your excellency.

"Have never a care, señor herald," said don Quijote, "for neither such dangers nor others even greater will avail to break my courage, accustomed, as it is, to encounters and bickerings of every kind."

Whereupon the herald dismounted, and, going to where don Quijote stood, he knelt before him. The knight blessed him. The herald mounted again, and took the road by which he had come, leaving master and servant in the middle of the track, while he himself set off, his horse at a gallop.

Without hesitating a moment, don Quijote followed the railway, thus entering the forest that overshadowed it. Sancho went after him, much against his will, and trying not to go fast; but they had hardly gone three hundred paces, when the servant, convinced that he could not check the lively little trot of the gray, who seemed bent on keeping up with Rocinante, stopped his master by shouting at the top of his voice.

Don Quijote turned and said to him: "God be praised that at last thou hast spoken! For I thought they had made thee dumb; and to travel with thy mouth closed, contrary to thy usual custom, seemed to me an evil augury."

"Yes; it is ours to talk," said Sancho, whom fear had bereft of words. "See, your honor, what you are doing, because this reckless thrusting of yourself into this devilish forest and between these irons, which must be some sort of trap, is not courage, but temerity, for he that loves danger, in it will perish; and as for myself, I shall not go on in this outlandish adventure, except I be carried bound and gagged, as I shall raise a greater row than a pig on its way to the slaughter-pen."

"What art thou saying there, impious, cursed and doubly cursed squire," vociferated don Quijote. "Didst thou not hear, perchance, what was said by the wise Charoriano, that the oracles had predicted that thy presence would be necessary in this affair, and that not through the baseness of thy fear was so famous a kingdom as the one called Quivira to remain enchanted?"

"That's where the shoe pinches," answered Sancho. "Who has appointed me the defender of minors and the disenchanter of any such devil of a kingdom? Am I your son, your grandfather or your crony? What possessed you to have recourse to that scoundrelly señor oracle and those good-for-nothing doñas pythonesses, to force the good Sancho Panza, willy-nilly, to leave his bones in this or that adventure, that Sancho should obey them? Not on your life! They shall not stick their fingers in my mouth, without my biting them! To the devil with all the rascalities of this and all the other kingdoms, enchanted and to be enchanted, which may be in the world; because the water contains something when they bless it; and because the son of my mother will not be such a fool as to go out and expose his hide and that of his ass's colt for such nonsense."

Don Quijote restrained his natural indignation on hearing Sancho, and he said: "If it were not for the solemnity and grandeur of this very celebrated moment, in which it is predicted that I am to carry to completion the greatest enterprise for the benefit of humanity and the increase of my honor, full dear should I make thee pay for what thou hast said, faithless squire. How now? Can the baseness of thy mind and thy wretchedness as a brutish lout serve as an obstacle in the way of these lofty purposes? Destiny, as happens in many occurrences and events of extreme importance, will turn thy baseness to the service of the cause of right and justice; and whenever thou rebellest against me, whenever thou kickest against the pricks, thou wilt have to serve, even if we do not come to terms, the lofty motives of knight-errantry."

When Sancho saw how excited and angry his master was, he became convinced that he would not accomplish his purpose through opposition, and, making use of his natural cunning, he tried to seduce don Quijote, and he said:

"According to what I understand, your honor seems to think that I am an ox and

that I have to plow without knowing how or why. I do not object, for the fate of the one that serves is to obey and not to rule; but do not get heated up, your honor, for we must get along together, since everything, except death, has a remedy in this world. Observe, my señor don Quijote, that we are here alone; that no one is looking at us; and that to this spot, because it is enchanted, no traveler comes either by day or night. I say therefore: What prevents our resting here a little while and then going back and telling them there, the people of the castle, that we have run on thousands of giants and monsters, and that your honor has conquered them all in a jiffy, and that I have displayed such daring with squires and servitors, that I have not left even so many as one of them alive? Your honor would see what things we could relate. I have no little inventiveness, and by my faith, I should leave far behind all those tricks and marvels of the count of Montesinos and the enchantments of my señora Dulcinea."

Don Quijote was about to reply, when on both sides of the forest, first, one by one, and then by hundreds, as if springing from the ground, appeared a multitude of masqueraders, leaping and shouting like devils escaped from hell, who although they did not come very near the two wayfarers, took them in the rear—as we are wont to say—while at the same time there sounded from the depths of the forest a hollow and raucous voice that said:

"Advance, sir knight, and hesitate not; for great are the things that await thee in this enchanted wood; and let your squire also come forward, if he would not die in the clutches of these malignant devils."

"Dost thou hear, Sancho; what this voice is saying?" said don Quijote.

"Yes, I hear;" said Sancho, and all that he did was to get as close as possible to his master.

Don Quijote stopped Rocinante, turned to the demons and said to them: "I know not to what purpose are these carryings-on, but if it be a case of terrifying me, you will have a time of it, by my faith; for whether you be gnomes sprung from the bowels of the earth or devils escaped from the bottomless inferno, you might serve to frighten children, but not to terrify a knight-errant. Draw near then, and you will see who flees from whom, impudent knaves!"

They shuddered when they heard don Quijote; and, as no one gave a sign of approaching, the knight went on his way with tranquil self-restraint, and he said to Sancho:

"If all the encounters of this adventure and emprise are like the affair of these gnomes, little merit will there be in undertaking them. Cheer up then, friend Sancho, for thy garrulity and thy proverbs will come in well on this occasion."

"Do you see, Peter, in what state we are, and yet you set about cutting ears?" said the squire. "Much desire have I to be passing the time in jesting, when we have not even a way by which to escape. Your honor can be as merry as you please, but it beseems me to put the reins on my mouth, for the shirt does not fit my body, which is as if one should say: 'As you please, mule,' and then lay on blows."

Conversing thus, our two adventurers went on a short distance along the railway, when there began to appear among the trees of the forest, not now the demons that frightened Sancho so much, but beautiful women dressed in gauzy swiss, their hair flying and bedecked with ferns and wild flowers. The women were followed by men with goats' horns on their heads and half dressed with the skins of the same animals: both the former and the latter resembling divinities of the woods after the manner of pagan antiquity, a detail that seemed to be quite in keeping with the plan worked out by Uncle Sam.

Don Quijote saw them, and, stopping his horse, he spoke thus: "Observe now, friend Sancho, that Greek legends are not a fancy, but a thing of absolute truth; for here thou canst contemplate the beautiful nymphs and the tempting Nereids and the sprightly Naiads, daughters of the harmonious woodland, the gentle rivers and the crystal fountains. Note, too, how they are followed by the lecherous satyrs, more lascivious than goats, and graceful fauns, playful and voluptuous as enamoured and hot-blooded striplings."

Don Quijote was greatly pleased with the singular spectacle that appeared before

his view, and Sancho himself forgot his former troubles and stood as one struck dumb, watching the goings and comings of the maidens and young men, who, in lively bevies, gladdened the woodland, imitating mythological scenes with great beauty and artistry.

"Something never seen before, this," said Sancho, filled with admiration; "but, in my opinion, these señoras with the baptismal names that your honor has called, and that I have not understood, are all too wanton, for they are in less than skirts, and they do not hesitate to show us that which decency and natural modesty would keep hidden; and what shall we say of men in skins that pursue them and that look like he-goats?"

"Right wouldst thou be in thy comments," said don Quijote, "if it were not simply an affair of symbols, which present in an artistic form the tendencies of our frail nature. It is true that modesty does not play a prominent part in this spectacle; but bear in mind that the beings we see here are not flesh and blood, but only symbols or divinities of the forest."

"They are not flesh?" exclaimed Sancho. "Well, if they are not of flesh, then they are not of anything, and to judge by their aspect and their going about in smallclothes, it is perfectly clear that it is a question of breaking one of the commandments, which is, as one might say, a sin against the flesh."

"So it is in appearance," said don Quijote, "but the veil of art is of such grace and beauty that it covers and dignifies nakedness and lends to voluptuousness itself a bewitching enchantment; the evil is in thine own eyes, and not in these scenes that we behold, for, well examined, the natural instinct of the flesh, which responds to the universal law of the reproduction of the species, becomes beautiful and even spiritual, when youth, love and beauty bestow upon it their gifts, and poetry ennobles it."

"I understand little of these flowery speeches," said Sancho, "but the truth is that the immodesty of these people makes it clear enough that the enemy, I mean, the devil, must be near at hand, and it seems to me that we must be on the road to hell. As your honor is well aware, that road is broad and riotous, particularly in respect of strumpets, concubinage and shameful dissoluteness, such as may be seen here."

"Sancho, thou art profaning with thy morality of a doltish lout the beauty that serves the greatest geniuses of the poetic and mythological arts as a solace and a joy. Be assured we have here neither strumpets nor concubinage, and that what thou callest dissoluteness is the spectacle of a sacred wood consecrated to love and the pleasures."

"It must be so, if your honor says it is," said Sancho; "but be thankful, my master, that you are already somewhat mature and lean and dried up, to boot, just as I thank my quality of a man of prudence and in no wise lascivious; for if it were not so, we should already have been in the whirl, dancing in our skins like these he-goats."

The two saddle animals advanced slowly while don Quijote and his squire were speaking thus, when suddenly they were surprised, master and servant alike, by a tremendous noise that came from the midst of the forest, which was caused by the simultaneous discharge of cannon of modern make, yet not with projectiles, but merely with powder, and for the design and purpose of frightening don Quijote.

"Blessed Santa Bárbara," said Sancho, when he heard the discharge. "Thunder and lightning, and all without any clouds in sight . . . the chastisement of Heaven is this, on account of the brazenness and lewdness of these accursed people, and we, the just, are going to pay like sinners!"

"What lightning and what thunder?" exclaimed don Quijote. "If my ear does not deceive me, this noise is nothing but the discharge of falconets, which means that we have near at hand an army, and that a battle is about to begin."

Sancho's terror was completed by what his master said, and all the more when he saw that the divinities of the wood, as don Quijote called them, fled, also stricken with terror, taking immediately to their heels with all their might; but at that hour and moment happened what is to be learned in the next chapter.

THE COLONIAL CITY

ITS REMOTE SOURCES

BY

LAUREANO VALLENILLA LANZ

Assuming that the colonial and independent life of America may not be understood and appreciated without a thorough knowledge of the sources from which it derived its major impulses in the mother-country, the author addresses himself to the study of the civic and political constitution of the ancient Spanish cities and communes. Incidentally, he shows that they enjoyed a considerable, but varied, degree of independence and influence. He concludes that it is not necessary to trace the liberal tendencies that early began to show themselves in the Spanish colonies of America to foreign sources, but that they are to be found in the mother-country.—THE EDITOR.

LET us inquire what were the ideas and tendencies that prevailed among the rest of the inhabitants of the captaincy-general, in those that populated the cities and towns, that were subjected to the true political administrative organization of the colony and that in a certain way represented European civilization.

It would be wholly impossible, however, to form an exact idea of the evolution and functioning of colonial institutions without first studying, even if in a cursory manner, what were the political instincts of the Spanish people during the period of the colonization. According to G. Ellis Estevens:

> A powerful nation always leaves its impress on the spirit of its subjects or citizens, and it forms or models in a definite manner their political opinions. It is doubtless for this reason, that as history has demonstrated, the political development of the colonies of a given nation has invariably passed through forms similar to those that predominated in the mother-country.[1]

The exactitude with which this phenomenon is effected renders possible their assimilation with the fundamental biogenetic law called the law of Hæckel: ontogeny is a recapitulation of phylogeny, that is, the development of the individual is a rapid repetition of the evolution of the species, a short résumé of the infinite series of his ancestors.[2] So colonies reproduce necessarily, in a manner more limited and rapid, all the social and political evolution of the mother-countries; but we ought not to fail to take into account the diverse elements that produce essential modifications, both in the individual organism and in the social organism, in obedience to their biological laws.

THE preponderance of the cities was a distinctive characteristic of the constitution of ancient Castilla, and it established itself almost spontaneously when the Christians reconquered their territory. The enormous difficulties of that restoration are well known. The Arabs invaded the peninsula without great effort and almost at a single blow, while several centuries and no small sacrifices were necessary to expel them from Spain. As the Christian princes took possession of the cities, they established in them military colonies that came to be centers of resistance against the offensive returns of the enemy, as well as spots where new enterprises were set on foot. The first act of occupation was the division of properties; the houses of the city and a portion of the lands were distributed among the members of the royal family, the church, the military orders, the heads and soldiers of the army and to any one that engaged to fix his domicile in the portion that fell to him;[3] all the rest formed the inalienable

[1] *Les sources de la constitution des États Unis.*—Also Loria remarks that the economic evolution of contemporary colonies enables us to observe in outline the evolution of the ancient nations.

[2] Rignaud.—See *Les bases économiques de la constitution sociale.* Bouchard's translation: "La transmissibilité des caractères acquis."

[3] The following was always the essential condition of

domain of the community. When the cities fell thus under Christian rule, the people of them were obliged to live constantly with their weapons in their hands, both to defend their territory and to supply the princes, during the period of a year, with the contingent of troops they were to maintain. It was in recompense of this sacrifice that the cities slowly acquired not only immense properties, but also the right of jurisdiction and a quasi sovereignty over all the territory they were capable of defending. Thus in the course of time were constituted communities composed of a metropolis (city or town) and the inhabited territory of tributary boroughs (towns and villages), subject to a secular council, consistory or *cabildo*,[4] on which depended all the economic régime of the community: the fixing of the price of goods and of the larger part of the merchantable articles, the establishment of the excise or other municipal taxes, the tariff of the rights of justice, the regulations relative to the use, as well as to the preservation, of the common lands, the latter a consideration of the greatest importance in a country in which pastoral agriculture prevailed. The subsidiary *cabildos* had a right to representation in the council, although their delegates had no deliberative voice. They could only protest against the acts that they did not approve, or appeal to the royal authority, if they deemed it necessary.

The commune, with all these attributes, slightly resembled a leonine society, but it was solidly constituted. Independent of every other circumscription, in direct relations with the monarch,[5] dominating towns subject for a long time to the same laws and the same tribunals, and having the same interests, it possessed a clearly defined individual existence. Preceding the monarchy, or its contemporary, it was associated with the latter by virtue of the contract in which were stipulated the reciprocal duties and rights, and which made it as legitimate and indivisible as the monarchy itself. The law that regulated the succession to the crown guaranteed the perpetuity of the communal existence and the inalienability of its territory.

As the municipal régime was organized in this way and as the kings were occupied in their military enterprises, the kings left to the communities they founded or that were created by the communities themselves in the territories conquered from the Arabs, the liberty of directing their internal administration, granting them town charters and privileges, which were, in the Spanish middle ages, "fruitful germs of martial deeds and industrial activity."

In these statute charters were set forth the duties of the inhabitants toward the sovereign, that is, of paying the royal tax and of rendering military service; the rights and privileges that were to be enjoyed by the different classes of the people were enumerated, whether in the interior of the commune or in other parts of the kingdom, and they conferred, finally, on the community represented by elective magistrates the right to administer it and to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction, with the exception of the so-called royal cases and those the cognizance of which belonged to the tribunals of the crown. To these fundamental provisions that are to be found in almost all the *fueros*[6] of the

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the concessons: ". . . And I command that no person shall have an inheritance in Toledo except such as shall dwell on it, as a citizen with his wife and his children."—*Fuero* of Toledo according to Ortiz de Zúñiga: *Anales de Sevilla*, Madrid, 1667.

About four centuries later the same thing happened, as is proved by the ordinance addressed by Queen Isabel the Catholic to don Íñigo López de Mendoza, count of Tendilla and captain-general of the Villa de Alahama, dated at Madrid, February 20, 1483: ". . . I grant you license and authority to distribute the houses and inheritances and goods that may not have been distributed hitherto . . . provided that all you thus decide and distribute shall be on condition that those to whom portions may thus be granted shall remain and do remain in the said vicinage, and otherwise they shall not enjoy the said houses and inheritances any longer than they shall stay by them. . . ."—Martínez de la Rosa: *Hernando del Pulgar*, Madrid, 1834, pages 230-233, citation of Lubens, work quoted, page 15.

[4]A municipal corporation, one of its meetings, or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

[5]That the king should hear personally the messengers of the councils.—*Cortes* of 1328-1329 and 1371.—Mariana: *Ensayo*, book V, number 15.

"It is a condition and prerogative that the *regidores* may, along with the *corregidor*, send messengers and ambassadors to the king upon the business of the republic, carrying a letter of recommendation, messages, authority and despatches.—Bovadilla: *Política para corregidores*, book III, chapter 8.

[6]Laws of the municipalities or communes; privileges and exemptions granted to a person, city or province;

Middle Ages were sometimes added civil, criminal and rural laws that regularly derogated the Gothic laws that then formed the common law of the kingdom.

Until the end of the fourteenth century, the kings, lords and dignitaries of the church continued to grant *fueros* to the communities of their domains or to confirm those that already existed, and to introduce into them the modifications solicited by the people or demanded by the circumstances.

By virtue of these concessions—which at first were purely acts of grace, but which later, by their duration, became respectable contracts—the Spanish municipal authority acquired an independence of which there was no example in the rest of Europe; but the interminable war with the Moors slowly increased the royal power, because the prince united with military command the means of multiplying his generosities indefinitely. Another cause seconded the advance of the royal authority, and it was the influence of the legists, which was all the more powerful because it manifested itself under the appearance of protection and on shrewdly selected occasions. The kings of Castilla, still semi-barbarous, let themselves be persuaded by the counsels of the legists that the kingdom would be worth little to the crown if the crown did not at the same time extend its authority over the conquered territory, and that the best means of attaining this object was to build upon the statute law a uniform legislation of which they themselves would be the dispensers and the interpreters.

Alfonso X attempted on two occasions, with varying fortune, to accomplish this general legislation for the entire kingdom, by publishing first a royal *fuero*, which he succeeded in forcing on certain communes and which was long in being received by all of them as the chief body of civil law; and, later, by causing to be compiled the code of the *Partidas*,[7] which, in turn, was rejected by public opinion and which continued for many years useless and of no legal value. However, this code that served the interests of the legists so well and was so thoroughly in harmony with the principles they had taken from Italy must necessarily prevail in time. Beginning with 1348, Alfonso XI succeeded in imposing it on the *cortes* of Alcalá by means of certain modifications that were urgently and unavoidably necessary, as a supplement to the royal *fuero* and to the ordinances that the king himself published at the time, and to the municipal *fueros* that continued in force provided they did not clash with the new law that it was sought to introduce.

It happened therefore that the municipal *fueros*, the only ones with which the people were acquainted, to which they were accustomed and which they might preserve and develop according to the natural progress of their social existence, were subordinated to laws of which they knew neither the source nor the scope, and which produced in this society, still nascent, a complication that could be of service to the legists alone. In favor of this improvised legislation, the royal recourses and cases, which had been rare exceptions, became commoner; and the tribunals of the crown, which were entitled to pass on them, reduced the municipal "justice" to a rôle secondary in the extreme.

A revolution of another character took place at the same time in the former administration of the cities: as the communes were organized according to the elective principle, they suffered at every step the disturbances and instability characteristic of this form of government. The disputes of the magistrates provoked frequent conflicts between the classes or between the parties into which these small republics were divided; powerful families that occupied a position of leadership in the factions disturbed the public peace and opposed the establishment of orderly liberty. The royal authority would have been able to repress the disorders that sprang up in the communes, to correct the vices of their institutions and harshly to punish the bad citizens that took advantage of them to disturb public order; but he did not do so, and he preferred to change

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also applied to certain compilations of laws.—THE EDITOR.

[7]The *Siete partidas:* laws compiled by Alfonso the Wise, divided into seven *partidas* or "parts." They formed the code of Castilla.—THE EDITOR.

the constitution in the manner he considered most favorable to his own interests. He at once resolved to wrest from the communes the right to elect their magistrates and councils by replacing the former with royal officials and the latter with corporations whose powers might emanate solely from the king.

This, however, was not a very easy enterprise, and a struggle of two centuries was necessary to accomplish it. The people understood their rights and their interests, and they were jealous of them and disposed to make them respected. This revolution, begun in the thirteenth century, in the reign of don Sancho IV, still continued under the Catholic sovereigns, who at length brought it to an end with all the tact and tenacity that characterized their enterprises.

Before their reign, however, another change of great importance took place in municipal administration. When the crown arrogated to itself the right to nominate the councilors or *regidores*[8] of the communes, it failed to observe the *fueros* or the customs that fixed the number of them. Also, as the royal treasury was almost always empty, it had recourse to hawking the municipal offices, which were multiplied at will. The persons that had bought then undertook to dispose of them freely, but, as the title was for life only and as the crown did not desire to renounce in an absolute manner a prerogative painfully rewon, it was settled that the office-holder might not dispose of his office, except in case he survived for some time after having designated his successor and obtained his acceptance. By means of this singular combination, whose object was to prevent the transmission of the office of councilor by inheritance, they merely succeeded in cloaking it. This gave rise to a thousand artifices; and, since what the crown sought was that venality should not be suppressed, the inheritance prevailed in reality, however much the king seemed to be preserving the right to confirm or to annul the term of office.[9]

All efforts to eradicate the custom were useless, and the cities continued to govern themselves with a certain degree of liberty, almost without the crown's interference, until the advent of the Catholic sovereigns. It was then that the necessity of strengthening the state by the concentration of power led to the appointment of royal magistrates, who, with the denomination of *corregidores*,[10] presided over the council and exercised judicial and executive authority. This revolution, so favorable to the crown, was not precisely the result of force; the royal authority had not over-thrown the regular and recognized authorities; anarchy had been replaced by the exercise of a usurpation that is always legitimate: as order is the first social necessity, right and power belong to him that is capable of upholding them. Spain was overrun at that time by a horde of malefactors, vagabonds and beggars, who formed, as it were, a nation apart, with its laws, beliefs and customs, and possessed of that sectarian spirit which springs from common hatreds and from the need to defend themselves jointly from the persecutions of justice. As the communes lacked sufficient power to maintain the struggle against this army of bandits that made war upon the citizens, the crown had to participate at every step by means of the *Santa Hermandad*, to repress disorder.

It happened that, while the rascals understood to perfection how to make war on the people, the people lived in the greatest discord. Customs had not yet become refined: every one depended on his own efforts alone, rather than on the protection of the laws, and the ferocity of men was kept alive by the old ferment of the municipal factions. A people that had always lived in a state of war must have, as the principal traits of its character, cruelty and violence, and it was impossible for it to stay within the bounds of orderly freedom.

The populous cities were filled with men itching for a fight, loiterers, cheats, loose

[8]Aldermen or councilmen, that is, members of the *ayuntamiento* or *concejo*, municipal or town council.—The Editor.

[9]*Recopilación:* book VII, title 3.—Bovadilla: *Política de corregidores*, book III, chapter 8.

[10]Without an exact equivalent in English: literally, correctors, but, in practice, officials, appointed by the crown, who exercised, in a more or less definite district, the functions at the same time of a magistrate and mayor or civil governor.—The Editor.

women ready to exhibit themselves when they scented prey.

These rascals played a real part in the life of the period; they lived at the expense of the courtiers and drank from the generosity of the great lords, whose vengeance they took on themselves; they went about with waxed moustaches, broad brimmed hats, deerskin doublets, colored stockings, bows on their garters, and long swords. The Marquis de la Favara never went forth without a band of as many as twenty ruffians, well armed with pistols, ready to break the bones of all wayfarers; the Duke of Pastrana employed a dozen of these men, who slit the noses of all that displeased him as he went forth, and even of officials.[11]

This life of tumult rendered necessary the interference of the king's agents, and the gravest duty of the *corregidor* was to restrain the bands and punish the bandits, although almost always without success, because as the party leaders were titled gentlemen that recognized no other superior than the monarch himself, the *corregidor* had to confine himself to informing the royal counsel secretly and to remaining impotent in the meanwhile.

In the most of the communes the inhabitants were divided into tribes—according to their family connections—which took good care to stand by even their most distant relatives. These small associations worked together as one man, but as an immortal man, according to Loubens, for to the spirit of party was added the heredity bond of kinship.

Judging at a glance, it would seem that the municipal power, denaturalized by venality in the office of *regidor* and diminished by the abrogation of the right of justice through the interference of the royal authorities, would end by completely losing its preponderance; but it was not so. Many causes contributed to preserve it from a complete disappearance. Since the communities constituted, as we have said, the only administrative divisions of the kingdom—so that Spain at that time could be considered no more than a federation of cities whose only bond of union was the monarch—and as there were very few that had large villages as their metropolises, the government could, in the latter, intrust the positions of *corregidores* to persons of importance; but in the most of them it was obliged to use as its representatives agents that derived all their standing from the offices they held, generally obtained through intimacies with certain favorites; and they had no other object in view than gain, without hesitating at the means: "the best of them being worse than the buckthorn, and the most upright, more repellent than the prickly bramble that surrounds the wheat-field." Their functions were of very short duration and they awakened very little confidence in the crown, for, far from dominating the factions, they only exasperated the localistic spirit of the people by their proceedings. The municipalities, on the other hand, had very close relations with the *cortes;* and this compelled the crown to treat them with some consideration, especially on account of the vote of taxes; for even when the consent of the *cortes* was obtained, it was always necessary to secure that of the communities, lest obstacles should be encountered that would render their collection impossible. Besides, the king could not depend on the army as a regular means of government, as it was not very numerous and was scattered along the frontiers or employed abroad; and in order to uphold his authority, he was forced to rely on the leaders of the municipal factions, since without their aid it would have been impossible for him to carry into effect measures that were oppressive or simply disagreeable to the people.

The first and most constant principle of the royal policy was, consequently, that of winning the cities for himself, both by means of considerations and honors that flattered the vanity of the magistrates and by positive benefits. There was a constant exchange of communications between the prince and the communes. The kings, upon their advent, addressed them in order to proclaim themselves and win recognition as the legitimate sovereigns, and when they desired to obtain pecuniary aid, contingents of troops or the simple acceptance of their policy. When Isabel died,

[11]Cervantes: *Rinconete y Cortadillo.*—Appendix to a book by don Gaspar Muro: *Princesa de Éboli.*—Hurtado de Mendoza: *Guerra de Granada.*—Quotations from Fornerón: *Vida de Felipe II,* page 49.

Fernando hastened to demand of the cities the ratification of the queen's will and the acts of the *cortes* that conferred upon him the administration of the kingdom.[12]

When Carlos V disembarked in Spain, he announced his arrival to the municipalities.[13] Provoked to a duel by Francis I, he informs them of this strange occurrence, and of his decision to expose his life for the health of his people and for the peace of Christianity. The cities responded "with testimonies of religious fidelity, and they besought the emperor to explain it all to them, before exposing his person."[14]

Ready to embark on the expedition to Túnez in 1535, Carlos V himself communicated his project to the cities, commanding them to obey, during his absence, the queen empress, to whom he left the authority to govern in his stead.[15]

Felipe II continued this tradition religiously; and—to cite only one case—we shall recall that when humiliated and violent over the madness of his son, the unhappy don Carlos, he decided to treat him with the excessive rigor recounted by history.[16]

He did not fail in the duty of announcing to the communes the measures he thought he ought to adopt in respect of the heir to the monarchy. It was difficult to answer this equivocal communication, which presaged, in the case of that somber personage, a doleful end.

It was as dangerous to reply as it was to remain silent, and the king, who, carefully examined all the letters he had received, remarked that the one of the city of Murcia was written with a prudent reserve.[17]

When the communes wished to obtain a privilege, to solicit a favor, to secure justice, to complain of the conduct of the *corregidor*, to protest against some fiscal measure that touched their interests, or to influence, in short, in any way, the decisions of the government, they sent their commissioners to the court, where they were treated in the same way as foreign ambassadors.[18]

This was a prerogative that gave to the cities a sort of participation in sovereignty, more apparent than real, doubtless, but which reflected a high consideration of the municipal corporations and gave to their members an exaggerated idea of their importance.

If the city, with its right of election, had lost a great part of its independence, the *regidores*, on the contrary, had increased their authority by all the difference that exists between a temporary mandate and a perpetual function. All the world therefore made an effort to belong to this corporation; while those that composed it, jealous of their prerogatives, strove to avoid admitting new colleagues. In the Middle Ages, both in Spain and in France, the municipal assemblies were composed of an equal number of plebeians and hidalgos, and in the period to which we refer, the written law had not undergone any change.[19]

In practice, however, it happened that each commune held aloof from the law, and, in the *cabildos*, one or the other class wholly prevailed, according to the preponderance it had attained. There existed many cities in which the hidalgos, because they were in the minority, had permitted themselves to be excluded from all the municipal functions, to such an extent that they reduced themselves to the condition of commoners, under pretext that their nobility was not certified or that they were waiting for it to be. The records of the *cortes* testify to this singular oppression exercised by the privileged class over the one that was not so.[20]

[12]Zurita: *Historia de don Hernando el Católico*, volume V.

[13]Narvarte, Salvá y Baranda: *Colección de documentos inéditos*, volume XI, page 305.

[14]*Ibidem:* volume I, page 89.

[15]*Ibidem.*

[16]Fornerón: *Historia de Felipe II*, pages 153 and following.

[17]Llorente: *Historia de la inquisición:* Trial of don Carlos.

[18]Bovadilla: work quoted, book III, chapter 8, *passim*

[19]F. de Pisa: *Descripción de Toledo.*—He does nothing more than copy from Pedro de Alcocer's *Historia de Toledo.*

[20]Eighty-sixth petition of the *cortes* of 1552: "Your majesty has often been entreated to command that the hidalgos be given half the offices of their towns, and in the royal council provision is made that one shall not be deprived of his turn in office because he is an hidalgo; and therefore, as there are more commoners

From the moment in which the *regidores*, whether hidalgos or ratepayers, had taken possession of their offices, they arrogated to themselves, in most of the communes, the exclusive right to make laws regarding all municipal affairs, in spite of the efforts of the royal authority to diminish their powers. The people, on their part, also strove to preserve their old representative rights, and they sent to the *cabildo* their syndics and solicitors elected by the different classes according to forms consecrated by custom or by the ordinances of each community. These tribune-like functionaries acted in the name and by authority of the people or of the corporation or guild that elected them, watched over the conduct of the *regidores*, attended their deliberations, had the power to protest against regulations that according to their judgment, were prejudicial to the public good, and that of appealing judicially to the higher authorities, that is, to the tribunal of the *corregidor* himself.

SUCH was the state in which the municipal institutions of the peninsula were when the first colonial establishments of America began to be founded. It may be said that it was then that absolutism commenced slowly to spread its deadly roots; and the man of arms, with talent for command and strength for combat, who incarnated the ideal of the Spanish people, began to find himself pushed aside by docile and humble, diligent and obsequious, secretaries, for whom Felipe II reserved his favors, "at the same time that he avoided the manly familiarity of the soldier." It was impossible that such a people, accustomed to treat the king as their equal and to base their superiority on valor, should fall suddenly, through the sole will of one man, into the most absolute abjectness. Psychology does not accept these sudden transformations.

The equalitarian character of the Spanish people was reflected not only in the municipalities, which constituted, as it were, independent nations—as has already been said—in which almost the whole of the people, both the inhabitants of the country and of the cities, had obtained civil rights and even political independence that they were able to preserve for many centuries; "but also in the army itself, whence issued the conquerors and populators of America." The old Spanish regiments were not composed of mercenary soldiers, nor did the hierarchies spring from purity of blood. "Among the soldiery," said the Duke of Alba, "we do not have regard for blood, but rather for the soldier that goes in the van."[21]

The soldier's calling was a possession that could not be disposed of except by condemnation; there was neither leave nor retirement; the soldier felt the same shame and inspired the same respect as the officer; many soldiers were former officers; in the ranks were seen both former captains and lieutenants, and lawyers fallen into disgrace, as well as knights of the military orders. . . . *Courage* could give to a soldier a reputation as glorious as that of a general. One of the popular heroes of the romances, Alfonso de Céspedes, was a private soldier. . . . Such select corps, in which the noblest and bravest of the nation considered it an honor to enlist, must deserve well of the king. Carlos V was not remiss in the duty of knowing his regiments and their military virtues. He appreciated the rude haughtiness of such men and he even had himself inscribed as a simple soldier in the company of don Antonio de Leiva, his best captain.[22]

The feeling of superiority inspired by this organization[23] was revealed in the arrogance with which the lowest soldier addressed the king, more than in any other way. The well known letter of Lope de Aguirre to Felipe II was neither a peculiarity of those times, nor the work of a madman, nor much less would the "cruel tyrant," assume the haughty and insulting tone toward the monarch merely because he was far removed from him. Many others did the same even in Spain, and in

than hidalgos the latter are excluded from office."—Citation of Loubens, work quoted.

[21] Fornerón: work quoted, page 50.

[22] *Ibidem.*

[23] "He holds himself to be so far superior to the men of other nations that he considers himself the master wherever he happens to be."—Marcos de Obregón: citation of Fornerón, work quoted, page 51.

the *Documentos inéditos* of Torres de Mendoza, are to be found certain similar letters, in which obscure soldiers can give examples of pride and civil courage to the modern republicans and democrats of Hispanic America, who delight so much in declaiming against the despotism and supineness of the Spanish people in the times to which we refer, and who attribute our absolute lack of civic virtues to our progenitors of the peninsula, without considering that everything has resulted from the vitiation of the Hispanic race by fusion with elements of absolute inferiority in the social scale.

In 1562, a period in which emigrations to Costa Firme were more frequent, inasmuch as the legend of *El Dorado* still subsisted, a captain by the name of Lorenzo Barahona wrote to Felipe II:

> Can it be that, as Spaniards are by nature the stoutest, most warlike and most covetous of honor of all peoples, we now see them to be the most inclined to give themselves up to dalliance? I tell you that honor and reward have been taken away from the valiant and given to the vicious and craven. Never did Spaniards desire honor more than now, but, seeing that it no longer grows side by side with virtue, and seeking it by means of vice, painting themselves up, soliciting favor and fleeing dangers, they make no bones of falling into wrongdoing. When God desires to chastise a people, he deprives its rulers of judgment. I have not seen a notary, a lawyer or a man that holds office under your majesty or has to do with your majesty's royal exchequer, that has not made himself rich by means of it in two days and that has not left an inheritance or income to his children, although he may have spent during his lifetime three times the salary that your majesty gave him. On the contrary, I have not seen a soldier that has left, at the time of his death, a shirt in which to be buried. Who drove the Moors out of Spain? Who discovered the Indies? Who won the states of Italy and defended those of Flanders? Certainly not the lawyer, with his paragraphs, or the notary with his pens, or even the gallants with their tricks.

Of this character were the conquerors of America. Their rudeness, their arrogant valor, their intense self-love, their profoundly equalitarian instincts, were still the same as those of the fierce Castilians, who, in the free towns, upheld as their master the one that did well by them and respected their liberties,[24], and of the Aragonese, who *would not choose a king* save after having extracted from him the oath "to guard and respect their rights and privileges, and if not, not [to do so]."

When the colonization of America began, the Spaniards still retained the consecrated patrimony of their representative right in the institution of the *cortes*, which were, indeed, nothing more than the assembly of the cities or municipalities. Most of the deputies to these bodies were chosen by lot from among the members of the communal council, although in certain cities there existed different methods. In Soria and Valladolid the right of representation belonged to the well born classes, that is, to a certain number of noble families that were descended from a common ancestor.[25] In Granada, Toledo and Sevilla, the deputies were chosen, one from among the *regidores* and one from among the commissaries that formed the subordinate part of the municipal representation. There were other cities in which the deputies were chosen by ballot, either in the council or from among the hidalgos; in others it happened that all the hidalgos were called in turn to serve as deputies. In spite of these differences in the method of election, the *regidores*, that is, the members of the municipalities, constituted the larger part of the assemble in the cortes.[26]

However, it should be noted that, as the municipal offices, after they were for sale, had fallen into the hands of the aristocratic families, the great majority of the *cortes* was composed of hidalgos or other persons of similar quality, whether elected by the municipalities or by a certain class of citizens. Yet, whatever the source of

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[24] Ángel de los Ríos y Ríos: *Noticia histórica de las behetrías.*—These were certain towns of Castilla whose inhabitants enjoyed the right freely to elect and change their master according as he treated them well or ill.—*Fuero* of Sepúlveda, of the time of Fernán González, confirmed by don Alfonso VI in 1076: *Omnis qui voluerit bene buscare de Senior, faciat so foro et vadat a quale Senior, queserit que non seat nostro guerrero que nos haga la guerra en sua casa hereditate.—Fuero* of Castrojeriz: "Have for your master the one that shall stand by you. If any one treats you well, let him be yours."—*Crónica del rey don Pedro*, by Chancellor Pedro López de Ayala: citation of Los Ríos.

[25] Bovadilla: *Política de corregidores*, volume II, page 269.

[26] Marina: *Teoria de las cortes*, volume I, page 269.

his election, the one elected, who knew no other patria than his city, assumed the character of a representative of it: so that the *cortes*, with the exception of the prelates and titular lords, were for a long time merely the representations of the cities to which they owed their election.

When the stupidity and bad faith of the counselors of Carlos V, and the slight knowledge that this foreign king had of Spanish customs, provoked the violent opposition of the *cortes* in 1520, and, a little later, the uprising of the communities, drowned in blood at Villalar, the voice of the cities was heard everywhere pleading for the suppression of the abuses that had crept into the national representation. The *cortes* besought that the cities should be left the right to give to their deputies the power they deemed necessary, and that the government abstain from forcing upon them its decisions; that under pain of death deputies should be prohibited from accepting for themselves or their kinsmen offices or favors from the crown; that their fees should be paid by their respective communes; and that within the period of forty days after the closing of the sessions they should be obliged to render an account of their office to the cities that had nominated them.[27] The *junta* of Tordecillas adopted the same program, it claiming, besides, that the *cortes* could meet when they saw fit, without the express convocation of the monarch, with the right to deliberate freely, and without the interference of any president or commissaries appointed by the crown.

As our object is merely to study as synthetically as possible the political régime of Spain, in order that we may understand the political instincts and traditions that were brought to and implanted in these countries by the conquerors and colonizers, we pass over, for the sake of brevity, many other details that demonstrate that the period in which the mother-country laid the foundations of our nationalities in America was not one of abjectness or complete barbarity. Those that have thought the colonists that declared themselves independent in 1810 lacked traditions of liberty and civil rights, to the extreme of being forced to copy laws and systems from foreign countries, are wrong, although these liberties and rights unfortunately have had long eclipses in the Hispanic-American republics for causes that it is unjust to attribute to our Spanish origin. We repeat that when the conquest and colonization began, the Spaniards had not yet resigned themselves to the despotism of the Austrian kings; they fought against it with the pride and hardihood that are characteristics of the race.

Neither the *cortes* nor the cities they represented looked upon the prince as a master, but simply as the first magistrate of the kingdom, since they did not fear to give him counsel as to his personal conduct and that of his family and even as to his household economy. The *cortes* often besought Carlos V and Felipe II to reside always in Spain, not to alienate the domain of the crown, to organize the royal household according to the customs of Castilla and to moderate their expenses, "excessive to such degree that they would have been sufficient for the conquest of a kingdom."[28]

Remembering the recent disorders that had provoked uncertainty in respect of the right of succession to the throne, they urged the emperor to marry, recommending to him a Portuguese princess, both on personal grounds and for reasons of state.[29] The prince don Carlos was still adolescent when the *cortes* of 1558 petitioned him to declare himself the heir to the throne, with the wonted solemnities, and to hasten his marriage.[30] Among their most important privileges, the *cortes* always retained the right to interfere freely in the administration of the exchequer by voting public taxes and "by never doing it without laying down for the government very precise conditions in order to render it less daring and more economical with the public funds."

[27]Sandoval: *Historia de Carlos V:* citation of Loubens.

[28]The *cortes* of 1558, petition 4: "As his imperial majesty [Carlos V] maintained his house so many years according to the usage and style of Burgundy, so your majesty has yours as you have it at present, with such expenditures as would be sufficient to conquer a kingdom; a great part of your royal income and patrimony has been consumed on it."

[29]The *cortes* of 1525, petition 1.

[30]*Ibidem*, petition 3.

How often did Felipe II himself, before obtaining subsidies from the *cortes*, find it necessary to repeat the oath that obliged him to respect the *fueros* and uphold the conditions considered by himself "as humiliating to royal majesty!" He confessed as much to the ambassador of France.[31] In the autumn of 1563, the king had to yield to the claims of the *cortes* of Monzón, which represented Aragón and Valencia. On September 13, he personally opened the first session, carrying upheld in his hand "the naked sword, the symbol of authority, which they call there 'beheader;'" but he did not remain for a long time in this martial attitude: he needed 1,200,000 gold ducats; and he lowered the sword humbly, beginning by excusing himself for having postponed the meeting of the *cortes* for eleven years. The conditions they stated, to harkening to the demands of the monarch, all tended to diminish his authority: they besought him that the Castilians be excluded from every remunerative office in Aragón, since they were looked upon there as foreigners; and that the jurisdiction of the holy office of the inquisition, on which Felipe II based all his power, should be limited to cases of heresy, without its being permitted to interfere in political affairs.

"I beg that you dispatch the other business," answered the king, "and that you leave this until I shall be in Castilla, where I shall decide as to what I understand to be necessary for the public good."

"We do not wish to leave it for Castilla," they replied, "and we shall not proceed until provision be made in this respect."[32]

Such audacity on the part of his subjects! The necessity of dissimulating his indignation and the fear of seeing himself reduced to making concessions in order to obtain 1,200,000 ducats undermined the health of Felipe II, and he suffered there his first attack of gout.[33]

Far be it from us to consider these passages, which give so high a place to the spirit of independence and liberty of the Spanish people, as the common rule, and to affirm that men of all the social classes and of all the regions of the monarchy shared the same sentiments. If it had been so, absolutism would have encountered unconquerable resistance. The days were very dark and barbarous, however, and beneath that select oligarchy of the élite that constituted representative bodies, there existed, as in every human community and by a great majority, "the world of sordid, practical and envious minds, dominated by popular instincts, the vulgarities of common sense and the rude assertions of material life."

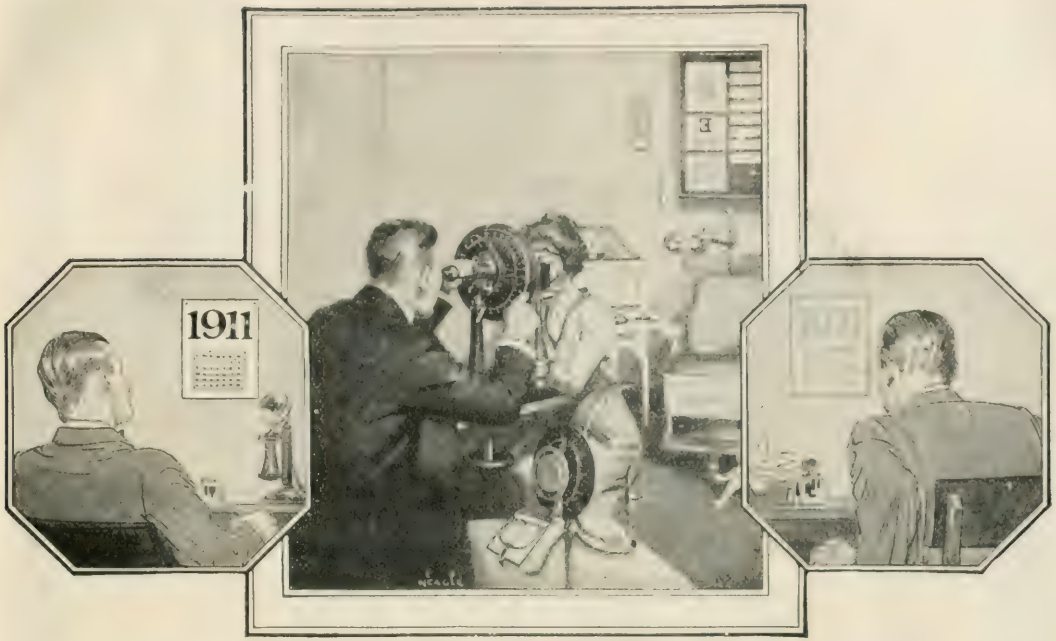
No one, however, can deny that in the institutions brought to America by the Spaniards there existed vitally that same spirit of liberty to which they were habituated, and without the recent obstacles with which the absorbent power of the Austrian kings had been besetting them in the peninsula.

"The whole of Spain, down to the sixteenth century," said Montalambert in his posthumous work entitled *L'Espagne et la liberté*, "was nothing more than a confederation of republics, municipal rather than feudal, of which the kings were but presidents, each of them having its laws, usages and rights, its spirit and its distinct individual existence. Life and independence were to be found everywhere, for the centers of activity, which changed into centers of resistance at the first signal, were infinite. All this somewhat confused mass of privileges and local and personal rights constituted a sum of liberty, courage, honor and probity common to all Spain, and which no other nation of the continent enjoyed either so long or so completely.

[31] Fornerón: work quoted, page 90.

[32] Fornerón: work "published."—La Fuente: *Historia general*, volume XIII, page 127, where the vote of the *cortes* is mentioned.

[33] Fornerón: *ibidem*, page 91.



Do you see today as well as ten years ago?

THE eyes change and grow old as we grow old. Often our vision may be becoming defective but it occurs so slowly that a considerable change takes place before we are made aware of it.

Then, it may be, circumstance throws our eyes into competition with those of a younger person. To our surprise we find that *our own particular pair of eyes*, which we thought as good as ever they were, cannot compete. "By Jove," come the disturbing thought, "my eyes are not so good as they were ten years ago!"

The point is that better care may and should be taken of the eyes, with gratifying results. A yearly examination by an optical specialist will enable you to correct, in the early stages, the defects which cause the change, so that your eyes will be kept always at maximum efficiency and comfort.

Yearly examinations are as beneficial for children as for older people, because their eyes, during the early school years, are first put under the strains of close application. To allow a child to continue year after year without a proper examination may seriously impair his vision and may even make him backward in his classes.

Today, the personal skill of the optical specialist is aided and supplemented by scientific refraction instruments developed by the General Optical Company. His diagnosis and prescription is accurate to a degree that was impossible a few years ago before these instruments were developed.

The General Optical Company also make Kryptok Lenses, the invisible bifocals, as well as other lenses, which serve the eyes from youth to old age, and which meet the highest standards of modern optical science.

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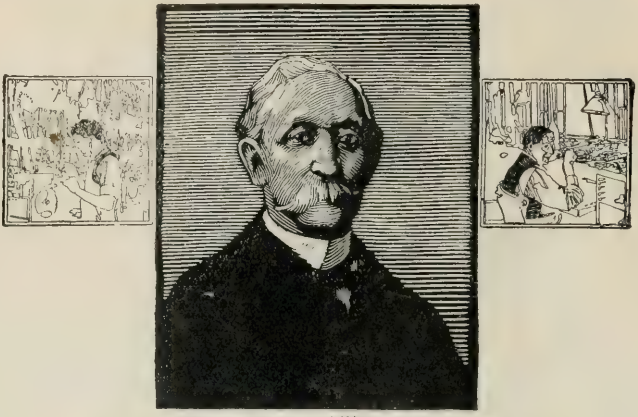
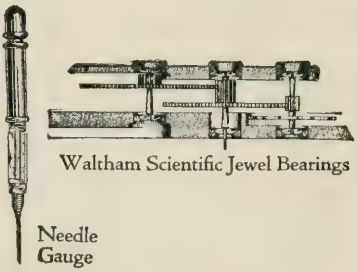
THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



E. A. MARSH
A Pioneer Inventor of Waltham Watchmaking Machinery

ACCURACY



Waltham Scientific Jewel Bearings

Needle Gauge

This Special Waltham, 7½ Ligne
$2,000
(Onyx, diamonds and platinum)
The movement is smaller than a dime in diameter

The Jeweled Bearing Holes in a Waltham Watch Measure Only Six and One-Half Thousandths of a Centimeter

SPLIT a human hair into two equal parts using one of these wee strands as the size of a diamond drill (for nothing but a diamond will drill a diamond) to make a hole in a pure sapphire or ruby jewel.

Then, to perfect the bearing surface of this hole, polish it out with diamond dust until it is the size of a hair.

We have related here one of the tasks that Waltham accuracy is able to perform due to machine-made tools and marvelous gauges (such as the gauge illustrated).

It is owing to this extraordinary standardization of parts and workmanship that Waltham has produced the most accurate small watch made in the world.

The foreign-made watch lacks this standardization. If you had the opportunity to compare under a powerful magnifying glass the material and workmanship in one of these fine Waltham Watches, with the crude and rough hand-made units in many of the foreign watches, there would never be any question what your choice would be, at any price.

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request to the Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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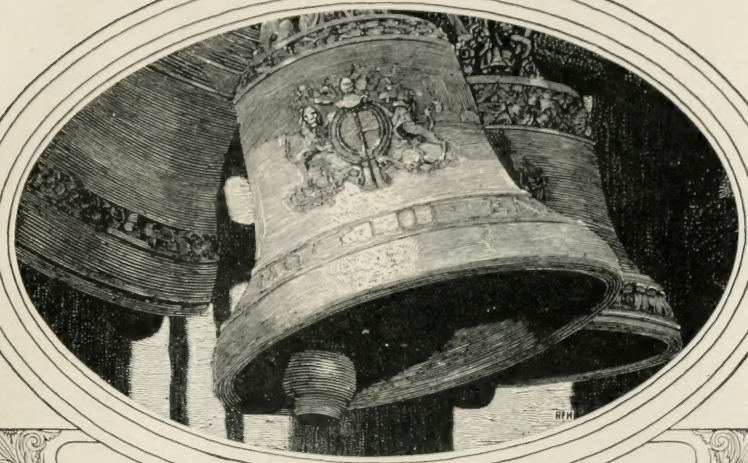

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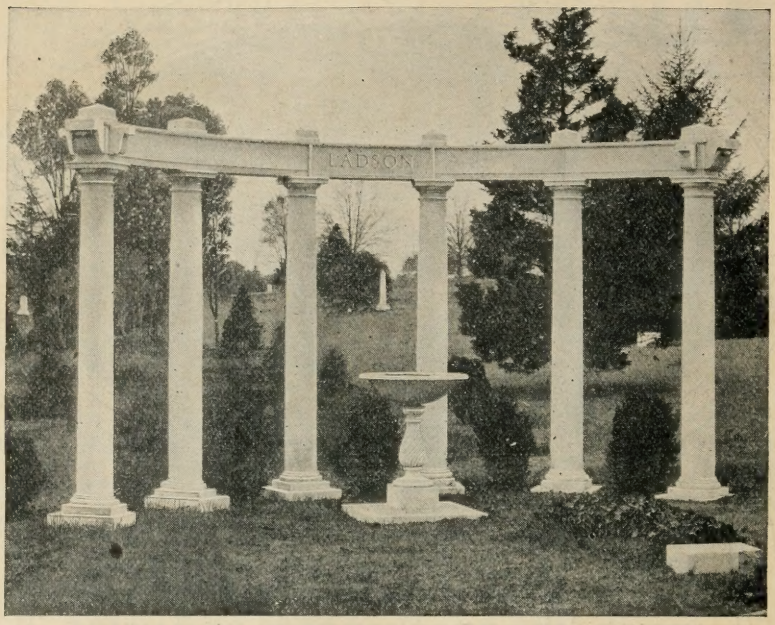

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